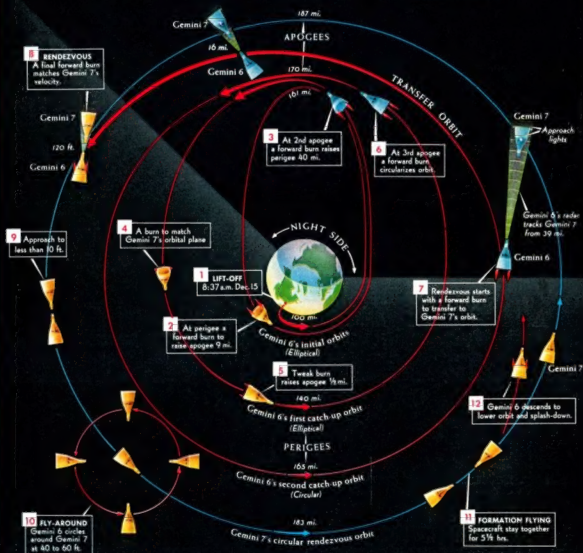


# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Rendezvous on the Road to the Moon



R. M. Chapin, Jr.



1966 Ford Galaxie 500 XL

## ***Turn off the Stereo and listen to one of the quietest rides in the world!***

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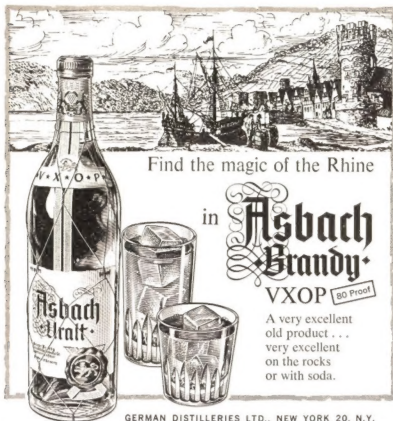
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liest outposts. Offering a choice of conduct to our servicemen in overcrowded cities and camp towns here and overseas.

Remember, civilian-supported USO depends entirely on your contribution to your local United Fund or Community Chest. Give, because USO is there, only if you care!



## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 22

**MICHELANGELO: THE LAST GIANT** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).<sup>\*</sup> The first of two programs tracing Michelangelo's life through his painting, sculpture, architecture and writing. Color.

Thursday, December 23

**CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE** (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *Sunrise at Campobello*. Ralph Bellamy plays F.D.R. Color.

Friday, December 24

**CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES**. Handel's *Messiah*, by the congregation of Dallas' First Baptist Church (ABC, 11:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m.); Baptist services from the Myers Park Baptist Church, Charlotte, N.C. (CBS, midnight-1 a.m.); Mass from Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral (NBC, midnight-1:30 a.m.).

Saturday, December 25

**CBS GOLF CLASSIC** (CBS, 3-4 p.m.). Third annual tournament, with 32 leading professional golfers competing for \$166,000 at La Costa Country Club, Carlsbad, Calif.

**NORTH-SOUTH ALL-STAR SHRINE FOOTBALL GAME** (ABC, 4:30-7:30 p.m.). From the Orange Bowl in Miami.

Sunday, December 26

**PROJECTION '66** (NBC, 2-4 p.m.). Eleven NBC news correspondents from the Far East, Europe, Africa, South America and Washington appear before members of the Foreign Policy Association in New York to discuss the year's events. Color.

**AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME** (NBC, 4 p.m.). Contending teams to be announced.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**CACTUS FLOWER** is a French farce seasoned to U.S. tastes by Adapter-Director Abe Burrows and served with unerring timing by a well-chosen cast. Lauren Bacall is drolly dry as a spinsterish nurse with a voice that would intimidate gangrene, and Barry Nelson is convincingly mock-innocent as a dentist with a master's degree in bucheorhood.

**INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE** is a compulsively fascinating dramatic typhoon in which John Osborne's voice—splenetic, grieving, raging—is heard with more furious personal intensity than at any time since *Look Back in Anger*. As a defeated solicitor for whom life in the modern world has become a playing field of pain, Nicol Williamson, 28, gives a bravura performance of epic dimensions and phenomenal resourcefulness.

**YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**. The screwball humor of George Kaufman and Moss Hart today seems brushed with tender nostalgia in a superb revival of the 29-year-old comedy by the APA repertory company. A new generation of theatergoers is introduced to the slightly zany and entirely winning Sycamore family.

**THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN**. Tired philosophy and an undocumented personal interpretation of the relationship between Conquistador Pizarro and Inca Ruler Ata-

<sup>\*</sup> All times E.S.T.



Left to right: E. K. Banker, C. M. Bliss, B. K. West.

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# Las Vegas

For convention information, write: Convention Bureau—Las Vegas Convention Center—Las Vegas, Nevada

hualpa are injected into a historical spectacle that pleases visually but fails to satisfy dramatically.

**GENERATION.** A Chicago advertising man (Henry Fonda) sends his daughter to finishing school, and she ends up in a Greenwich Village loft with the kind of kooky husband who wears blue beads because he likes the way they catch the light. Fonda's graphic consternation provides the entertainment.

**HALF A SIXPENCE.** Tommy Steele is a most happy fella. His grin is honest, his toes are nimble, and as a consummate entertainer he gives value for money.

**THE ODD COUPLE.** One man's wife left him because he is a slob, the other man's because he's a nit-picking neatnik. The jilted men are surefire flops as roommates but roaring successes on Broadway.

**LUV.** Playwright Murray Schisgal writes loudly and Director Mike Nichols carries a slapstick in a spoof of a society that out-Freuds Sigmund and out-Friedmans Betty.

### CINEMA

**LAUREL AND HARDY'S LAUGHING '05.** From one- and two-reel silent comedies made before 1930, Cinema Anthologist Robert Youngson distills the best drollery of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.

**KING RAT.** James Clavell's novel about the morality of survival in a Japanese prison camp is an unforgettable screen drama, strongly played by James Fox, Tom Courtenay and George Segal—the last as a G.I. wheeler-dealer who cashes in on the misery of his fellow inmates.

**JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.** Eye-filling fantasies created by Director Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*, 8½) wholly dominate the tale of a placid bourgeoisie matron (Giulietta Masina) with a faithless husband, among other things, on her mind.

**REPULSION.** A deranged French manicurist (Catherine Deneuve) gives her London suitors a bloody bad time of it in Writer-Director Roman Polanski's shocker.

**THE LEATHER BOYS.** Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell and Dudley Sutton lend exuberance to Director Sidney J. Furie's sharply observed British drama about a pair of motorcycling newbies whose marriage is threatened by the boy-husband's homosexual pal.

**TO DIE IN MADRID.** Rare vintage newsreels recall the tragedy of Spain's disastrous civil war (1936-1939) in Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif's masterly compilation, narrated most movingly by John Gielgud and Irene Worth.

**THE HILL.** Sean Connery stands out among the good guys taking their punishment at a British army stockade, ruled, in fine style, by Harry Andrews as a sadistic sergeant-major.

**DARLING.** This mordant satire of a play-girl's progress from obscurity to celebrity owes much to Julie Christie's dazzling presence in the leading role.

**THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.** A rigorous but eloquent ritual drama about the short, tragic life of a great bullfighter, played by Spanish Matador Miguel Mateo.

### BOOKS

#### Best Reading

**A THOUSAND DAYS.** JOHN F. KENNEDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Harvard Historian-New Frontiersman Schlesinger's admiration for the late President is often obvious, but this is nevertheless by far the most perceptive,

the most vivid, and the best-balanced assessment of the Kennedy years that has yet appeared.

**THE PEACEMAKERS,** by Richard B. Morris. In an impressive account of the political maneuvering that led to the Peace of Paris (1783), Historian Morris holds that, far from being a loyal friend, royalist France would have scuttled the newly founded U.S. except for the canniness of Jay, Franklin and Adams.

**THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN,** by John O'Hara. The "concern" is that of the tough, grasping Lockwoods of eastern Pennsylvania, who want to turn themselves into gentlemen but don't want to give up the morals of the coal patch. The period detail is meticulous, but the book as a whole, like most of the author's long novels, will be useful principally to the reader who wants to commit O'Hara-kiri.

**THE LITTLE SAINT,** by Georges Simenon. In his 500th novel, give or take a dozen or two, the great French whodunist has made a serious and nonviolent attempt to describe the life of an artist, "a perfectly serene character, in immediate contact with nature and life." The extraordinary thing about the book is that it succeeds.

**WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR,** by Walker Lewis. A beguiling if biased biography of U.S. Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, an uncompromising constitutionalist whose decision in the Dred Scott case and steadfast opposition to the Lincoln Administration's wartime measures made him one of the most unpopular men of his time.

**THE MAIAS,** by Eça de Queiroz. In this major novel written in a minor language, Portugal's most important 19th century novelist delineates the degeneration of the aristocracy that ruled and mined his country as the century closed.

**AT RAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD,** by Peter Matthiessen. An educated North American Indian, who for years has fought a losing fight with the white man's values, goes native again among the South American Indians, and in the green womb of the Amazon finds a spiritual rebirth.

**THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE ROBBERS BARONS,** by Andy Logan. The shoddy story of Colonel William d'Alton Mann, who looked like Santa Claus but carried a sackful of hush money, is told with skill and glee in this brisk biography.

#### Best Sellers

##### FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Those Who Love*, Stone (2)
3. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (4)
4. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (3)
5. *Hotel*, Hailey (5)
6. *The Green Berets*, Moore (8)
7. *The Lockwood Concern*, O'Hara (10)
8. *Thomas*, Mydans (7)
9. *The Honey Badger*, Kuark (6)
10. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (9)

##### NONFICTION

1. Kennedy, Sorensen (1)
2. *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger (3)
3. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (4)
4. *Games People Play*, Berne (2)
5. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (8)
6. *A Gift of Joy*, Hayes (7)
7. *The Penkovsky Papers*, Penkovsky (6)
8. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar (5)
9. *Intern, Doctor X* (9)
10. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapierre

## LETTERS

### MOY

Sir: I nominate Adlai Stevenson as TIME's Man of the Year. Had he achieved his wish and become Secretary of State, his kindly diplomacy and forthright manner could well have found a solution to the Viet Nam problem.

(MRS.) KATHARINE K. MOORE

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir: Since he is the most eloquent and chief exponent of U.S. foreign policy, I would like to see Secretary of State Dean Rusk as Man of the Year.

BIRGER JOHANNESSEN

Mahtomedi, Minn.

Sir: U Thant, for his eloquent peace talks in Kashmir, for his attempts for open talks in Viet Nam, for being the perfect international servant, stressing peace through understanding.

ERIK FÖRGENSUR

Steinsfjorden  
Ringerike, Norway

Sir: Bob Dylan, who has an undying faith in mankind and works constantly for long-overdue justice and world peace.

BON WRIGHT

Sterling, Ill.

Sir: The Peace Corps volunteer—12,000 men and women working in the city slums and rural villages of 46 countries—teaching, nursing, farming, helping people get on their own two feet so that the war crops need not go out again.

NELSON BALDWIN

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Bob Hope, a man who, in the true spirit of Christmas, annually gives to our overseas forces his greatest gift: self—heart, head and unquestionable talent.

LINDA CLINE SWEET

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir: Richard M. Nixon, who has withstood the mudslinging and arrows of outrageous fortune and remains No. 1 choice to lead rank-and-file Republicans.

EVELYN CRANE

Hollywood

Sir: The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, Bishop of California, for his untiring efforts to thaw out God's frozen people. The man I should most dislike to see nominated is the man whom everyone will select and who will be chosen by you, L.B.J.

GORDON D. WIEBE

Torrance, Calif.

Sir: With all he's done and caused to be done, not only here but throughout the world, who else but L.B.J.?

W. W. RUMMELL

Ardmore, Okla.

### The Meaning of Christmas

Sir: The writer of your Christmas story [Dec. 10] found out what Christmas means to the merchant, not what it means to the average American family. As the mother of four small children, I believe they won't remember which store had the gaudiest display or what TV ad was most outrageous; they will remember making and wrapping gifts for the family, making holiday cookies for company, the family's going to church together, Christmas carols, the stable under the tree, the smell of turkey, and all the visiting and

getting together with family and friends. Christmas is the time when people are a bit less selfish than usual and have more love in their hearts for God and man. Maybe all the externals and trappings of Christmas have got out of hand, but the basic idea is still there. Christmas means the birth of a baby and love—simple things.

MRS. R. DEBAISE

East Syracuse, N.Y.

### General Johnson & Viet Nam

Sir: The qualities of discipline, will power and deep faith that make General Johnson [Dec. 10] an outstanding man are the qualities that Western intellectuals seem bent on destroying. With their preaching of self-indulgence, they constitute a greater threat than Communism. Americans can be thankful they have leaders like Harold Johnson.

MICHAEL O'CURRAN

Nürnberg, Germany

Sir: Now there's a pretty picture! Two men pounding each other in their Bakelite-encased genitalia, while a third stands by yelling "Kill!" And this edifying activity presided over by a fourth who has the effrontery to keep the Bible in his office. Darwin must have been wrong. Man is not an improved strain of ape; when the Harold Johnsons of this world auspiciously fade away, man might perhaps rise to the level of the ape.

CHARLES HAINES

Assistant Professor of English  
Carleton University  
Ottawa, Ont.

Sir: Your story reminds me of the disgust I knew at age 14, in 1944 Germany, when Goebbels was crying for "total war." I believe there is no way out of the Viet Nam dilemma for Uncle Sam except to fight it through. But it depends on how you say it: you may stay American, or you may adopt the Hitler-youth mentality, as you do in that article. "New men are greeted at reception centers with brass bands," you boast. Can you have forgotten that the same was true in Auschwitz?

PETER HEMMERICH

Visiting Professor of  
Biological Chemistry  
University of Michigan  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: I began working in New York when I was ten. I kept a full-time job while scripping my way through high school. To get through college, I worked two

jobs, slept only four hours a night. Now I can reap the benefits: a chance to become emaculated in a Viet Nam foxhole, to drop napalm bombs on women and children, to experience dysentery and malaria. Strive on, Horatio, Well, to hell with the U.S.A., Viet Nam and the Great Society. I've had it. I am on my way to Rio de Janeiro to open a pet shop selling armadillos to Chilean soccer players. Can you think of a happier ending for a sneaker-wearing Vietnami?

MARTIN O'BRIEN

University of The Americas  
Mexico City

Sir: The report on General Johnson is inspiring. Here is what man can be when totally committed to being his best.

(MRS.) PATRICIA M. ATKINSON

Seattle

Sir: Your story should make every draft-ee and antiwar demonstrator realize that our leaders are not inhuman warmongers. The courage, loyalty, faith and determination of the U.S. servicemen have been demonstrated since 1776 and are being shown right now in South Viet Nam.

(SGT.) VICTOR A. NAGE JR.

U.S.A.

Fort Bragg, N.C.

Sir: Talk of nonintervention in South Viet Nam is unrealistic. Do noninterventionists believe there can be a treaty that will keep the Communists from aggression? There is no peaceful coexistence with Communism. Its ultimate goal is world domination, so there will be no peace until Communism is defeated. We must fight now and save democracy.

MAX DUNEY

Los Molinos, Calif.

### Jobs After "R" Day

Sir: You are to be complimented on your foresight in publishing the story, "Executives—What They Work at After They Quit Working" [Nov. 26]. The large volume of U.S. and foreign inquiries Experience, Inc. has received since the article appeared indicates a genuine and growing need for counseling executives before retirement and opening new doors for challenging activities after "R" day.

JULIUS HENDEL

President

Experience, Inc.  
Minneapolis

### Sniff Before Injecting

Sir: Thank you for the straight story about the "lethal ether" accidents in Michigan [Dec. 10]. Newspaper accounts were

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vague, and we nurse anesthetists, having used Surital and Pentothal for years, found it impossible to understand how such accidents could happen. Our latest rule: sniff before injecting.

CONSTANCE MERIMS, C.R.N.A.,  
San Diego

### Look-alikes

Sir: I think your review of my book [The System of Dante's Hell, TIME, Nov. 19] about as accurate as your picture of "me."

LEROI JONES

New York City

Sir: The question is not whether LeRoi Jones is Dante, but whether the photograph you published is Jones. There is but one answer: No! You have published a photograph of me.

CARL BASS

New York City

► To look-alikes Jones and Bass (see cuts). TIME's *errant* photographer, 30 days in Dante's ninth circle, sans camera.



JONES



BASS

### The Spanish Conquistadors

Sir: You cannot mention Spain [Dec. 10] without prejudice. Our conquistadors may have killed Indians centuries ago, yet they also married plenty of them. Your ancestors have killed almost all the Indians left in North America, leaving a very small, sad residue to be kept in zoos or reserves, or whatever you call them.

FERNANDO P. ULLIVARRI

Madrid

### 31-lb. Pamplemousse

Sir: Why are you trying to belittle everything the French do these days? You call the 92-lb. Satellite A1 a candy-striped *bon-bon* [Dec. 3]; let me remind you that your first satellite was only a 31-lb. *pamplemousse*.

NOEMI JOLIVET

Cannes, France

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 24, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 26

## THE NATION

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### The Credibility of Commitment

The war in Viet Nam far transcends Viet Nam. From the Rhine to the Mekong River, 42 nations of the free world have formal military alliances with the U.S. Each rests on Washington's pledge of physical protection. If that assurance has, after two decades, lost much of its immediacy for Western Europe, it is nevertheless an assurance that cannot exist if it is half doubted and half believed. If the *Pax Americana* is to be credible anywhere, it must be credible everywhere.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk pointed out in Paris last week that the American commitment to South Viet Nam is indivisible from the American commitment to Western Europe's independence. In a forceful summation of all the free world's unlearned lessons over the past three decades, Rusk reminded NATO's Foreign Ministers at their year-end council meeting: "Ask yourself what your national interests are in the Viet Nam conflict. Ask yourself what were our interests in Manchuria in 1931 and in Ethiopia in 1936. Ask yourself what were your national interests as Hitler made his aggressive progress. In those days, we as governments did not recognize our national interests—and look at the price we paid."

**Heavy Burdens.** In practical, immediate terms: argued Rusk, "the group around this table has an enormous interest in how the U.S. meets its commitments in Viet Nam. If we don't meet those commitments, couldn't it lead the Communist capitals to feel they could undertake greater adventures elsewhere? And couldn't it lead Peking to claim that we do not react to provocation? If one commitment is not met in one place, ask yourself what other commitments elsewhere would mean. We will not ask the American people to neglect a commitment in one place and maintain one in another place. The American people will be called upon to

bear heavy burdens in the coming year. The morale of the American people is high, and we will bear those burdens."

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara warned NATO that Red China will probably have medium-range ballistic missiles (range: 1,500 miles) by 1967 and intercontinental ballistic missiles (range: 5,500 miles) by 1975—thus making it possible for Red China to send

gle to preserve South Viet Nam's independence with their own efforts to preserve colonial rule. There are some heartening exceptions. On a quick working trip to Washington last week, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson promised that his government would not add to the U.S. burden by cutting back its military commitments in Asia—and, looking a little like a Yorkshire Santa

himself, went out with Lyndon Johnson to light the Christmas tree on the White House lawn. West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, who was to arrive this week for politician-to-politician talks with Johnson, is another European leader who has expressed repeated support and sympathy for the U.S. role in Asia.

Yet, for all Rusk's eloquence and McNamara's statistics, most European statesmen are concerned that the Viet Nam war may force the U.S. to deplete its military commitment at NATO. In fact, as McNamara pointed out, by increasing its cumulative military spending \$50 billion in the last five years, the U.S. has insured its present ability to send a major force to Asia without any significant reduction in its European strength.

**Assurances & Irony.** In Asia itself, the extent and efficacy of the American response in Viet Nam have already left the imprint on nations from Pakistan, whose President Mohammed Ayub Khan emphasized last week in Washington that his country deeply values

its friendship with the U.S. despite its warm relations with Red China, to Japan, where Foreign Minister Fumihiko Shima assured Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that his government "understands and highly values" America's involvement in Viet Nam.

The irony is that Americans should have to seek such assurances. In the postwar years when Western Europe's very life depended on the continuing commitment of U.S. troops and dollars, Washington's credibility was not questioned. Is it when Santa moves on to the next house that he becomes unreal?



WILSONS & JOHNSONS AFTER TREE-LIGHTING  
There are some heartening exceptions.

nuclear weapons smashing into Western Europe. Recalling Defense Minister Lin Piao's arrogant boast that China's master strategy is to take over "the cities of the world," McNamara noted pointedly that the threat applies as much to Europe as to the U.S.

**Echoes of Colonialism.** All the same, European leaders often show a curious ambivalence toward the U.S. presence in Asia. They mostly agree that an American defeat in Viet Nam would lead to renewed Soviet pressure in Europe. Yet many who have been forced to liquidate overseas colonies equate the struggle



THE U.N.'S FANFANI

Breathless, nebulous—and groundless.

## Ho's Christmas Slam

Despite the Administration's repeated, unequivocal insistence that it will not accept North Viet Nam's give-up-and-get-out terms for calling off the Vietnamese war, Washington continues to receive a stream of meretricious reports that Hanoi has decided to negotiate in good faith. Last week, at a time that could hardly have been better calculated to arouse Americans' hopes of peace and good will, Ho Chi Minh's latest and least likely offer landed on the world's front pages.

This time the feeler was extended by a pair of professors from an Italian university—one of them was Giorgio La Pira, onetime mayor of Florence—who purportedly had interviewed Ho and his Premier, Pham Van Dong, early in November. Through U.N. General Assembly President Amintore Fanfani, the would-be diplomatists reported breathlessly that Hanoi was now "prepared to initiate negotiations without first requiring actual withdrawal of American troops." In an echo of Lyndon Johnson, Ho was even quoted as saying: "I am prepared to go anywhere, to meet anyone."

As it turned out, Hanoi was not giving an inch in its four hard-line preconditions—which include full U.S. acceptance of the Viet Cong's program for the communization of South Viet Nam. The only difference this time was that the Communists tried the new gambit of describing their demands as being "in reality the explanation" of the 1954 Geneva accord that divided Viet Nam. Since the Viet Cong had not even existed as an organized military and political force until 1960, it was difficult to accept such reasoning.

Though Rusk replied through Fanfani that he was "far from persuaded" that Hanoi had evinced "real willingness for unconditional negotiations," he left the Italian door ajar for further proposals. It was soon slammed rudely

shut by Hanoi, which derided the entire exchange as "groundless fabrication."

With no assistance from amateurs, the U.S. has been in day-to-day contact with Hanoi in recent weeks, and the number of communications is increasing. Thus, as Dean Rusk noted recently, "there is no doubt about where the responsibility for the absence of effective discussion and negotiation lies at this stage."

## Rebuttal from the Grave

In an affectionate reminiscence of Adlai Stevenson that appeared in *Look* last month, CBS Correspondent Eric Sevareid quoted Stevenson as expressing misgivings about aspects of U.S. foreign policy the day before he died in London last summer. Though the late U.N. Ambassador's comments on the subject made up only a fraction of Sevareid's article, Stevenson was consequently pictured in the press as a man in revolt against President Johnson's policy in Viet Nam.

Last week, "in the interest of history," Stevenson's son, Adlai III, released a seven-page letter that his father had composed three days before he died. Written in reply to a group of American artists, writers and scientists who had urged Stevenson to quit, the letter flatly contradicted what some called "the Stevenson tragedy." The group's arguments, Stevenson wrote, "rest on a simple presupposition: that I share your belief in the disastrous trend of American foreign policy. But it is precisely this presupposition that I do not share with you. Whatever criticisms may be made over the details and emphasis of American foreign policy, its purposes and directions are sound. I do not believe the policy of retreat in Asia or anywhere else would make any contribution whatsoever to the ideal that violence cannot be the formal arbitrator in world affairs."

Noting that "history does not always give us the most convenient choice," Stevenson reasoned: "I do not think the idea of Chinese expansionism is so fanciful that the effort to check it is irrational. And if you argue that it should not be checked, then I believe you set us off on the old, old route whereby expansive powers push at more and more doors, believing they will open until, at the ultimate door, resistance is unavoidable and major war breaks out . . . This is the point of the conflict in Viet Nam."

## THE WAR

### A Captain's Legacy

In October, Captain Ronald F. Rod of New Orleans was ordered to South Viet Nam and one of the loneliest, most hazardous forms of duty a soldier can draw. As head of a six-man U.S. advisory team, he was sent to the northern coastal town of Duc Pho, which is surrounded by Viet Cong territory and accessible only by air. There, Captain Rod, 31, shared responsibility for the

welfare of some 10,000 civilians, mostly refugees from Communist held villages.

In a letter describing life in his "barbed-wire island," the officer wrote the *Clarion Herald*, a New Orleans Catholic newspaper: "There are two serious needs. One is clothing for the children. Many infants are naked. The other is for soap. Bathing is done in the rain, from contaminated wells or stagnant pools. The use of soap could prevent countless boils, infections and abscesses on these unfortunate children."

The response was instantaneous. A New Orleans meat packer shipped two tons of soap directly to Rod. Children gift wrapped individual bars, rushed them off by airmail. Other contributions inundated the *Clarion Herald*. A Baton Rouge TV station weighed in with 700 lbs. of soap, a New Orleans seventh-grade civics class with 700 bars.

New Orleans citizens again responded handsomely last month, after Captain Rod appealed for help in starting an orphanage. More than \$500—enough for the building expenses—was sent immediately. When the first nine mailbags of clothing and soap arrived, Rod wrote jubilantly: "It looks as though we will have a wonderful Christmas for these people."

He will not share it. On the day that his letter was delivered, Captain Rod was going to the relief of a government outpost that was under attack and overrun, when he was killed. Back in New Orleans, he leaves a wife and his own five children, ranging in age from 18 months to eight years. In Duc Pho, he also leaves a legacy of love. Six and a half tons of soap and clothes go from New Orleans this week to Rod's wards. The *Clarion Herald* plans to continue the fund drive for his orphanage. Said the paper's executive editor, Father Elmo Romagosa: "Captain Rod has done more than launch a campaign for the Vietnamese children. He has made thousands of persons in communities throughout Louisiana feel that they have a personal stake in Viet Nam."



RONALD ROD  
A Christmas lost.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Catching the Rabbit

Between sessions with visiting statesmen, Lyndon Johnson spent hours last week frowning over a thick green loose-leaf notebook. Its neat rows of figures, summarizing every Government department's current and requested spending, persuaded the President that some hefty cutting remains to be done before his budget is completed around Jan. 1. Then, and not until then, will he decide whether or not to run the political risk of a tax increase in a congressional election year.

An even greater danger—for the nation as well as the Democrats—is inflation. As it whirls into its fifth expansionary year, the economy is showing clear signs of strain. Prices are inching up. The rate of increase in productivity has slipped from 3.4% to 2.5% this year because some industries have reached capacity production. There are shortages of skilled workers in key sectors such as the aircraft industry. Federal expenditures, growing by leaps and bounds with the rising cost of the Viet Nam war, may go as high as \$107 billion—\$7.3 billion more than anticipated—by the end of this fiscal year. Now the experts must decide just how much more federal and private spending the economy can take without boiling into serious inflation. Their most searching problem will be how to finance the war, achieve the essential goals of the Great Society, and sustain prosperity without inflation. As Arthur Okun, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, says of full employment: "We've been chasing this rabbit for five years. Now we've got to learn what to do with it."

**Some Now, More Later.** One clue came last week from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which announced that it was scrapping its advanced orbiting solar observatory project. NASA may have to cut back other research work. There will probably also be curtailments in welfare-state planning by such agencies as Health, Education and Welfare and the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Last of the great big spenders, of course, will be the Pentagon. The estimated defense budget for the current fiscal year is now \$53 billion, and may well go over \$60 billion next year. However, the Administration could deliberately underestimate defense spending when the whole administrative budget goes to Congress next month. Having avoided tying a tax increase to his domestic programs for the time being, the President could come back later with a supplementary request and blame the war for any tax boost that might be needed.

**Hard Options.** The final verdict on the economy will come from the Council of Economic Advisers when the budget is completed and the Treasury has estimated tax revenues. The gross national product, some \$672 billion in 1965, is

expected to be about \$45 billion higher next year, so that the economy could comfortably absorb a few billions in extra federal spending—particularly in view of higher social security deductions that will take \$5.5 billion out of immediate circulation.

Soon after New Year's, Johnson will have to decide whether to 1) stall, 2) ask Congress to erase all or part of the income tax reductions for which he battled last year, 3) seek new revenues from excess profit taxes and imposts on luxuries (as Harry Truman did to finance the Korean War) or 4) try a relatively painless palliative such as increasing the amount of income tax withheld from paychecks or accelerating corporate tax payments. Whatever the solution, catching up with the rabbit may not be the easiest of encounters for Lyndon Johnson.

fered a practical proposal to unshackle the farmer without shackling his pocketbook. When the eleven-year-old, \$14 billion Food for Peace program expires next year, he suggested, the U.S. should begin feeding hungry nations with farm products bought on the open market rather than with Government-owned surpluses. "If the market price is given the opportunity to respond to foreign aid demand," Shuman told the Farm Bureau's annual convention in Chicago, "it should be possible to discontinue the present control programs, and price supports could be used only as originally intended—to stabilize marketing, not to fix prices."

Under Shuman's plan, dubbed Marketing Food for Freedom, U.S. agricultural products would no longer be sold for "Mickey Mouse money," as Farm Bureau staffers call the soft currencies



CHARLES SHUMAN ADDRESSING FARM BUREAU CONVENTION  
Times are changing.

## AGRICULTURE

### Food for Freedom

In his longtime crusade to get the Government off the farm and off the farmer's back, Charles B. Shuman (TIME cover, Sept. 3) has made more proposals than Tommy Manville, Farmer-president of the giant (1,677,820 members) American Farm Bureau Federation, largest and most influential U.S. farm organization. Shuman has almost invariably been ignored in Washington, where his call for a return to a free market in farm products is viewed as an invitation to chaos. Times are changing. Today, as the world's population threatens to outstrip its ability to produce food, many experts predict that Washington will ultimately have to stimulate rather than stifle the U.S. farmer's herculean productivity.

Thus Charlie Shuman last week of-

the U.S. takes in counterpart-fund payments for its food. Instead, the Government would buy food for foreign countries, give away 20% to the neediest and poorest nations, and distribute the remainder on credit to be paid off in dollars. His program, said Shuman, would eventually eliminate money spent on Food for Peace as well as the annual \$3 billion subsidy doled out to farmers.

Shuman's plan coincides with the Johnson Administration's new determination that U.S. food should be used selectively as a lever to force hungry nations to expand their own agricultural production. He urged that this aim can best be realized by extending food aid to foreign countries only on condition that recipients 1) replace government management of agriculture with a market-price system and 2) encourage private capital investment by permitting incentives and checking inflation.



SMYLIE (RIGHT) & FELLOW COMMITTEEMEN\* IN WASHINGTON  
No more hedging. The answer is yes.

## REPUBLICANS

### No Comfort for Birchers

"Everybody's already read out the Birchers," snapped Arizona's John Rhodes, chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee. "Why should we have to take the oath every time we come up to bat?" Other G.O.P. congressional leaders agreed. On the road back from the 1964 Republican National Convention, many party chieftains have exorcised the bugaboo of "extremism." Yet when the party's nine-month-old coordinating committee met in Washington last week, moderate Republican Governors, led by Idaho's Bob Smylie, insisted that the leadership should collectively and specifically condemn the John Birch Society.

Instead, after a brief behind-the-scenes tussle between the Governors and the more conservative Capitol Hill leaders, the policy group decided in the interest of party unity to adopt a diplomatic resolution based on an earlier statement by National Committee Chairman Ray Bliss. It urged all Republicans to "reject membership in any radical or extremist organization, including any which attempts to use the Republican Party for its own ends or any which seeks to undermine the basic principles of American freedom and constitutional government."

Did this include the Birch Society? None of the committeemen would say so—at first. Then Birch Publicist John Rousselot crowed in San Marino, Calif., that it was "wise of the Republican Party to make clear that it doesn't seem to be influenced by extremist groups, such as the Communist Party or the Ku Klux Klan." At which, Wisconsin Representative Melvin Laird told his colleagues: "Let's quit monkeying around. No more hedging, damn it. The answer is yes." And so, by the end of the day, committee members were once again reading out the Birchers.

### Three Up

When he showed up for the G.O.P. policy conference in Washington last week, Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney looked unusually relaxed for a man who had just succeeded in antagonizing three of the pressure groups that politicians court most assiduously—veterans, parents and old folks. It was quite a feat all the same, since it involved a considerable victory over Michigan's Democrat-dominated legislature.

The Democratic leadership had been confident that it had the votes to override Romney vetoes on three key bills: 1) a measure extending \$4,000,000 in homestead tax exemptions to disabled Michigan war veterans and their widows; 2) a \$1,200,000 appropriation for eight money-starved state colleges; and 3) a \$6,000,000 rent-subsidy program for the elderly. Romney insisted that tax relief for veterans should be based on individual need and disability, objected to the school appropriation on the grounds that it should await completion of an exhaustive study of Michigan's overloaded college system, and reasoned that rent assistance would be impossible to administer.

Even though the Michigan legislature has not succeeded in overturning a gubernatorial veto since 1951, the Democratic majorities in both the house (73-37) and senate (23-15) are so lopsided that the Democrats needed only one Republican defector in each body to give them the necessary two-thirds majority. On the veterans bill in particular, the Democrats saw clear sailing, since 28 G.O.P. house members had voted for the original measure. But they reckoned without Romney's powers of persuasion. At the one-day special session, despite three hours of floor

Robert Taft of Ohio, Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Representative Gerald Ford of Michigan.

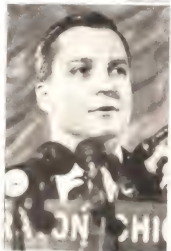
wrangling and a gallery packed with shouting supporters of the bill, house Democrats failed to win even one Republican. Senate Democrats fared no better, failed to roll back Romney's veto on the school and rent bills.

All of which should go a long way to prove that Romney, who has been accused of not being 100% Republican, at least has Republicans in his own state 100% behind him.

### A Challenge for the Prof

In any other year but 1964, Republican Charles Percy, 46, would almost certainly have defeated lackluster Otto Kerner for Governor of Illinois. As it was, the Goldwater debacle cost Percy the race, but established him as one of the G.O.P.'s most vigorous and attractive campaigners. Rather than wait until the next gubernatorial election in 1968 to resume his political career, the Bell & Howell board chairman announced last week that he was a candidate for the U.S. Senate seat of Paul Douglas, his onetime (1938) economics professor at the University of Chicago.

Thanks to the well-oiled Democratic machine of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley and his own lingering reputation as a liberal standard bearer, Douglas, 73, enters the race as the probable favorite. Nonetheless, in two years of assiduous politicking, Percy has managed to make himself almost as well known as Douglas. Moreover, the Cook County machine, which traditionally has counted on solid support from Chicago's Negroes, has antagonized civil rights groups by foot dragging on school integration, housing, welfare and poverty programs. Even last year Percy showed impressive strength in the Negro wards. "It will be an uphill battle all the way," he admits. But, adds Chuck Percy, "If we can wage an effective and good campaign on the right issues, if we can identify the causes of the future and respond to them, then we can win."



CANDIDATE PERCY  
Uphill all the way.

## ELECTIONS

### Yes, Virginia, There Is a G.O.P.

Despite staunch support from Senator Harry Byrd's Democratic machine in Virginia's gubernatorial election last month, Lieutenant Governor Mills Godwin won only after beating down a strong challenge by Republican Candidate A. Linwood Holton, who captured 38% of the votes—and proved that the state could no longer be considered a Byrd sanctuary. Last week brought even more impressive evidence of change in the Old Dominion. The occasion was a special election to fill the state senate seat vacated by Harry F. Byrd Jr., 51, whose appointment to the U.S. Senate last month in place of his ailing father has been widely criticized by Virginians.

The outcome was a landslide for G.O.P. Candidate J. Kenneth Robinson, 49, a World War II infantry major and—like old Harry Byrd—an apple grower. Robinson rolled over Byrd-backed County Attorney Joseph A. Massie Jr. by 10,293 votes to 4,949, a better than 2-to-1 margin, capturing a seat in an area that has been Democratic for years. His victory, concluded Robinson, "will encourage other Republicans to run for office. So many good candidates have thought that they have to run as Democrats to win."

## THE SOUTH

### And Now There Are Two

It is no longer the one-party South. At the Georgia state capitol in Atlanta last week, 23 Republican state representatives—21 of them newly elected—met to choose a chairman, floor leader and assistant floor leader. It was the first time in the state's 177-year history that there had been enough Republican members of the legislature even to justify a formal opposition.

A few blocks away at Atlanta's Dinkler Plaza Hotel, the state Democratic executive committee met to adopt 56 proposals aimed at creating the formal organizational structure that the Democratic Party has never had in Georgia.

Throughout the South, other Democrats also were running scared—and with good reason.

- **ALABAMA.** Five of the state's eight U.S. Representatives are Republicans, all elected in 1964. In all, 105 Republicans now hold elective public offices in Alabama, not counting mayors or aldermen, who run mostly in nonpartisan municipal elections. So confident is the state's G.O.P. organization that it plans to field candidates next year not only for the U.S. Senate seat held since 1946 by Democrat John Sparkman, but also for every major state office as well.
- **MISSISSIPPI.** In a state where Republican used to be a dirty word, the G.O.P. has elected a U.S. Representative, a state senator, two state representatives, four county attorneys, three mayors and six aldermen. Democratic

Governor Paul Johnson glumly admits that the G.O.P. is likely to win even more offices next year.

- **ARKANSAS.** Republicans are bullish about their prospects for unseating incumbent Democratic Governor Orval Faubus next year. Their hope: Millionaire Winthrop Rockefeller, who came within 82,928 votes of beating Faubus in 1964—and has not stopped running since. Thanks to Rockefeller largesse, the G.O.P. in Arkansas throbs with enthusiasm. It has a formal organization in every one of the state's 75 counties, boasts 40 women's clubs with a total membership of 1,076, and even publishes a sporadic tabloid, the *Arkansas Outlook*. Bragged one G.O.P. organiz-



KENNETH ROBINSON & WIFE  
Upsetting the Byrd sanctuary.

er: "We don't talk Republicanism—we preach it."

So far, one of the Republicans' biggest allies has been lackadaisical Democratic state leadership. In Georgia, when Democrat Carl Sanders became Governor in 1963, only 30 of the state's 159 counties had active Democratic county committees. The state organization did not even have an office or staff. Though Sanders quickly corrected both situations, Lyndon Johnson lost Georgia by 93,443 votes.

Gradually, Southern Democrats are recognizing their plight. "I'm begging for Democrats to register," said an Arkansas state senator. "I don't want just John Doe registered. I want Mrs. Doe and John Doe Jr., who just turned 21, on the voter list too, and as Democrats. We're going to wake up. I only hope it's not too late."

## THE CAPITAL

### Adieu to Pease Porridge

Pickled okra. Spinach soufflé. Double divinity. *Li, mon Dieu, ze bar-bé-cue!* Escottier would have turned in his grave. Last week White House Chef René Verdon, who is only mortal, turned in his apron instead.

A onetime chef aboard the French Line's *Liberté* and later at Manhattan's perfectionist Carlyle Hotel, French-born René was hired by John F. Kennedy in April 1961. He made a memorable White House debut with trout cooked in Chablis as the entrée at a luncheon for former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. The Kennedys' treasure later won international renown with such dishes as chicken in champagne sauce and an incomparable *quenelles de brochet*. But one President's meat is another's poison, and under L.B.J. the *maitre* soon found himself tasting such Texas delicacies as Pedernales River chili and purée of garbanzos, a pease porridge cold that, in René's mournful words, is "already had hot."

Fortunately, Verdon, 41, seldom had to concoct family meals, which are usually prepared in a separate second-floor kitchen by Mrs. Zephyr Wright, the Johnson cook for 23 years. At \$10,000 a year, he was hardly overpaid—but then how many chefs can boast that they slept in the White House for nearly five years? René's reign was not seriously threatened until last October, when Mrs. Mary Kaltman, an old family friend and a veteran director of foods at such epicurean establishments as Harlingen Air Force Base and Austin's Driskill Hotel—whose manager describes her as "real good on food and labor costs"—was appointed White House "food coordinator" and kitchen economizer.

Mrs. Kaltman, a blonde, fiftyish divorcee of formidably efficient mien and determined stride, whacked cuisine costs by making René use frozen foods for a "very lousy" thing in the White House, she complained). That was the beginning of the end. The end came ever closer when she also insisted on pointing out her favorite recipes in a well-thumbed copy of the *Gourmet Cookbook*. "I have a master pastry chef who has been doing these things for 40 years," muttered the disconsolate chef. "You just don't open the cookbook to page 40 and stick it under his eyes."

For a man of Verdon's virtuosity, the new regime was not easy to stomach. What Zephyr cooked for the President's family upstairs, he shrugged, was their affair. But after a few Kaltman-coordinated state banquets, the chef protested that he had a certain reputation to maintain. "You just don't ask a chef to serve red snapper with the skin still on it and beats with cream all over them," he declared with grim finality after last week's dinner for Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan. And so, at

week's end, he quit the Great Society for café society, probably in Manhattan, where a chef of renown can command impressive sums for preparing dishes never dreamed of by Howard Johnson—or Lyndon.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### More Juice for the FPC?

To many experts, a clear corollary of the great Northeastern blackout in November was that the Federal Power Commission should exercise closer control over the utility companies. Last week, before a special House subcommittee holding the first congressional hearings on the near disaster, FPC Chairman Joseph Swidler added his voice to those who advocate strengthening the agency.

While the Federal Government tightly regulates other forms of interstate commerce, from transport to pharmaceuticals, the FPC's main function is to approve the wholesale rates at which the nation's 3,600 electric companies can sell power to each other. Even during his investigation of the blackout, Swidler had to rely on the voluntary cooperation of the companies he was investigating. Despite the growth of huge power pools, through which utilities trade electrical output, Swidler pointed out, the FPC has no authority to set or enforce minimum standards for system design, operation of generating plants, or intersystem coordination.

Asked by Subcommittee Chairman Walter Rogers of Texas whether measures taken by utility companies since the blackout—particularly to provide more efficient grid connections and adequate auxiliary generating equipment—are "of sufficient permanency to solve this problem," Swidler declared: "Without legislation, this problem cannot be solved."

## LABOR

### Exeunt Kookies

As the barons of organized labor met for their biennial convention—and the tenth anniversary of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger—Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz aptly summarized the challenge confronting the unions in the affluent society. Said he: "Never before has the country faced so clearly the choice that it now faces between moving ahead or settling for what we now have, for leaning back, if you will, and patting our stomachs." For all the well-upholstered abdomens in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, there were signs of change by convention's end last week.

**Crusty As Ever.** In its first major leadership overhaul, President George Meany deftly moved eight men of his own choice onto the federation's 29-man executive council. None of those removed was an active leader in his individual union; all those elected to the council hold important offices in their home unions. The changes, a mod-

est response to criticism that the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s top echelon has lost touch with its 12.8 million dues payers, lowered the average age of the council from 66 to 64.

Meany, sounding as crusty as ever at 71, accepted uncontested election to a new two-year term. He also took a \$25,000 pay increase, which brings his annual salary to \$70,000. When Harry Bates, 83, president emeritus of the Bricklayers, resisted Meany's invitation to retire, Meany decided not to force the ancient out. In keeping with the even-tempered mood of the convention, Meany had kind words for the 89th Congress, even though it pointedly failed to give him the three pieces of legislation that labor wants most: repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's right-to-work provision, an increase in the federal minimum wage, and a boost in federal-state unemployment benefits.

The federation responded to pressure from its own liberal wing by adopting a strong pro-civil rights resolution. As another sop to its social conscience, Meany pledged in his keynote address that organized labor would fight to improve the lot "of all the little people of America."

**Right to Disagree.** Labor's nonmenal decorum was marred only momentarily, when two dozen student pickets infiltrated the meeting to protest against the war in Viet Nam, while Dean Rusk was defending U.S. policy before the convention. George Meany, like any true hero of the barricades, stumbled over to the podium and growled: "Will the sergeant at arms remove those kookies from the gallery."

Emil Mazey, liberal secretary-treas-

urer of the Auto Workers, later chided Meany "for a vulgar display of intolerance" in ejecting the Vietnicks. "The most precious freedom that we have is the freedom of dissent," said Mazey. "The labor movement has been the victim of people trying to silence our right of expression, and we have to take the lead and demonstrate and fight for the right of people to disagree, whether it is on Viet Nam or any other subject matter." Meany, whose life in the labor movement has left him with little patience for philosophers, retorted that the demonstrators' signs insulted President Johnson, Dean Rusk and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "If Brother Mazey is annoyed," pronounced Meany, "let him be annoyed by me."

### The Golden Handshake

In an era when labor and management tend to reason rather than wrangle, the United Auto Workers' Local 833 and Wisconsin's Kohler Co. remained locked in a mastodontic duel for more years than most Americans care to remember. The longest major labor dispute in U.S. history, the Kohler strike began in April 1954, when workers at the plumbing-fixtures plant stormed out in a disagreement with the family-owned firm over a series of union demands for higher wages and fringe benefits. After a two-month closure, the factory resumed production with nonunion labor, touching off six years of intermittent violence in the company town of Kohler. Pickets wore gas masks, clashed bloodily with non-strikers; in one battle 300 people were arrested. The company charged more than 1,000 acts of vandalism.



VIETNAM DEMONSTRATORS AT A.F.L.-C.I.O. CONVENTION  
Tolerance for dissenters and love for little people.

In 1960 the National Labor Relations Board ruled that Kohler had refused to bargain in good faith after the strike began, ordered it to reinstate 1,700 workers who were still out. Even so, it was two more years before management and labor could agree on a contract. Since then they have been acrimoniously deadlocked over the question of company compensation for the strikers, who had drawn some \$12 million from the U.A.W. in strike benefits.

That last bitter issue was finally ironed out last week. Kohler agreed to pay some 1,400 former strikers a fat Christmas gift of \$3,000,000 in back wages. The company will also fork over \$1.5 million in pension-fund contributions. The settlement, tied to a new one-year contract, was sealed by U.A.W. Secretary-Treasurer Emil Mazev and Kohler Vice President Lyman C. Conger with a handshake. Despite the most extensive boycott campaign ever mounted by organized labor, the effect of the long dispute on the company was hardly shattering; Kohler today is still a leader in the industry, ranks third nationwide in annual sales.

## CRIME

### It's Really Rising

The volume of crime in the U.S. has risen 58% since 1958, and is growing six times as fast as the population.

That was nearly the biggest and most generalized statistic that Cartha Dekle ("Dekle") DeLoach, 45, who is regarded as their apparent to FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, cited to the American Farm Bureau Federation convention last week.

A onetime Stetson University football star, DeLoach joined the FBI in 1942, and save for a two-year hitch in the wartime Navy, has climbed steadily through the ranks ever since. Since 1959, when he was put in charge of the bureau's crime-records division, DeLoach has spent a good part of his time on the rostrum, explaining the FBI and its functions. Some of his facts for farmers:

- More than 2,600,000 serious offenses—a record—were reported to U.S. police departments last year.
- A serious crime was committed once every twelve seconds.
- A murder, assault to kill, or forcible rape was committed every 21 minutes, a robbery every five minutes, a burglary every 28 seconds.
- There were 52 automobile thefts per hour.
- In 1964 one out of every ten U.S. police officers was the victim of a deliberate assault; 57 policemen were murdered.
- Americans in the 10-to-17 age group comprise about 15% of the population, but were charged with 43% of all crimes against property in 1964. In rural areas, those under 18 accounted for almost one-half of the arrests for bur-



MOMO

Et tu, Teetz? Milwaukee Phil? Fifi? Big Tuna?



THE CAMEL

glaries and auto thefts and for more than one-third of all larcenies.

An FBI study of 93,000 offenders arrested during 1963 and 1964, DeLoach added, showed that 76% had been in trouble at least once before. Of these, more than 50% had been granted parole, probation or suspended sentences at some point, and thereafter averaged more than three additional arrests. Nearly one-third of all suspects arrested since 1960 for killing a police officer were on parole or probation at the time.

### The Rest Is Silence

Sam ("Momo") Giancana is a top-echelon Chicago mobster who brags that he reads Shakespeare. As the star boarder of the Cook County jail for the past seven months, he has had plenty of time to brush up on the bard—and, no doubt, to reflect on Caesar's fate and other most unkindest cuts. For whatever else he may have done in a long and lucrative career—and he has only twice gone to prison before—Sam at 57 is in durance vile for indulging his red-blooded American right to plead the Fifth Amendment.

Lippy, Unlamented Mobster. His sea of troubles washed over the hood last May, when U.S. Attorney Edward Hanrahan haled him before a grand jury and craftily granted him immunity from prosecution for any crimes to which he might admit complicity. But Giancana, the syndicate's top man in Chicago, still refused to talk. Since he was thus in no danger of incriminating himself, a federal judge ruled that Sam was in contempt of court. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court upheld that ruling, in effect consigning him to his cell for as long as he chooses to say no—and the law's delay may last longer than the pangs of dispriz'd love.

Backed by the Supreme Court ruling, the Justice Department intends to repeat its play of bringing top hoods before

grand juries and promising them immunity if they testify. If any feel tempted to sing, they have only to remember the late unlamented Manny Skar, a lippy mobster who was unwise enough to threaten to talk to federal authorities if the boys refused to treat him right. They promptly treated him right. Manny was getting out of his car in the basement of his North Side apartment in September when he was shot dead by a couple of the boys.

Fatal Humiliation. Among half a dozen other gangland obituaries in the past year, the boys also recall the somber fate of Murray ("The Camel") Humphreys, a gangland fixer who could smooth out any legal or political hump—and leave no tracks at all in the underworld sand. When he also was called before a grand jury. The Camel lost his cool. Rather than land in jail for silence or six feet under for talking, he lied—so ineffectually that he was hauled in on a perjury charge. That night, out on bail and back in his Marina City Towers suite, The Camel died of a heart attack. The diagnosis was that he expired of acute humiliation.

Meanwhile, the mob was already split over who should succeed Silent Sam Giancana as head of Chicago's hoodlumhood. One night last week two groups of aspiring chieftains reportedly held simultaneous meetings. One was attended by such upstanding citizens as Paul ("The Waiter") Ricca, Tony ("Big Tuna") Accardo and Jackie ("The Lackey") Cerone. The other gathering was graced by Sam ("Teetz") Battaglia, Felix ("Milwaukee Phil") Alderisio and Fiori ("Fifi") Buccieri. The betting was that several of the syndicate's leading lights would soon resort to silence—one way or another.

According to the Chicago Crime Commission, there have been 991 gangland killings in Chicago since the commission began keeping tabulations in 1919. Only 13 of the murders have resulted in convictions.

## ON NOT LOSING ONE'S COOL ABOUT THE YOUNG

A RUSSIAN revolutionary once suggested that everyone over 25 should be shot. His proposal was not adopted, but he might feel reasonably comfortable in the U.S. today. Nearly half of all Americans are now 25 or under, and the rest of the population, while not yet in danger of being liquidated, appears rather nervous and definitely on the defensive.

The situation is not exactly new. The man who first said "I don't know what the younger generation is coming to" probably died several thousand years ago. But Americans in the mid-1960s seem to have more reason than ever to lose their cool about the young. FBI statistics tell them that youngsters under 25 account for 73.4% of the arrests for murders, rapes, larcenies and other major crimes, and cause 31.5% of all traffic fatalities. Youth stages demonstrations in support of the country's enemies. Youth parades with placards of four-letter words. Youth scandalizes proud suburbs with grass parties—grass being one of the hippest synonyms for marijuana. The latest campus fad seems to be underground "anti-universities" with courses in such subjects as revolution, "Search for the Authentic Sexual Experience" and hallucinogenic drugs. Boys look like girls, girls look like boys, and the songs they sing are not of love and laughter, but sour, self-pitying whines about how awful things are in a culture that supplies them with about \$12 billion worth of such essential equipment as cars, clothes, acne lotions and hair sprays. The blaring jukebox message to the adult world seems to be: "Get off of my cloud."

Even liberal intellectuals can be shocked at the frequent failure of the young to take ideas seriously. Writes Critic Leslie Fiedler, 48: "Not only do they reject the Socratic adage that the unexamined life is not worth living, since for them precisely the unexamined life is the only one worth enduring at all. But they also abjure the Freudian one: 'Where id was, ego shall be,' since for them the true rallying cry is, 'Let id prevail over ego, impulse over order'—or 'Freud is a fink!'"

Freud is not the only fink. Marx and the Communists, at least in their Moscow incarnations, are just as Out with the new radicals, who prefer Peking and Havana. Complaining that the young are not really interested in ideology but only in protest for the sake of protest, Editor Irving Kristol, 42, notes that the same middle-aged critics like himself who so fervently condemned "the silent generation" of the '50s "are now considerably upset and puzzled at the way students are 'misbehaving' these days. One wants the young to be idealistic, perhaps even somewhat radical, possibly even a bit militant—but not like this! It used to be said that the revolution devours its children. It now appears that these children have devoured the revolution."

## The Teen-Age International

This, of course, is a picture of a minority, and a noisy one at that; the majority of American youth would say, "Not me." But the youth that makes the noise sets the tone, and the tone remains significant—and unique in comparison with the rest of the world. The noisy, "alienated" young are an American monopoly at the moment.

The youth of Britain and France have the same blue-jeaned bottoms and fright-wig haircuts as their U.S. contemporaries, and they dig the same big beat and atonal balladry. Still, the Teen-Age International is largely confined to matters of style; underneath, European youth today seems less discontented and considerably more cowed by the adult world. In Germany and Italy, the young are just too busy cashing in on their new prosperity to protest against much of anything. In Soviet Russia, while society is changing and the young show signs of restlessness, youth by and large remains earnestly conformist. In Japan, despite occasional

student riots organized by the left, the students' competitive drudgery makes even the American race for college seem relaxed by comparison; a Japanese youngster who fails to get into a university is called a *ronin*, the term for the pathetic samurai who wandered about without a master.

U.S. parents and teachers who may hanker for a bit more obedience and less obstreperousness from their own young should take comfort in the recollection that things have been worse. Riot and rebellion are a student tradition in the Western world; university records from the Middle Ages abound in accounts of pitched battles, rapes and homicides. A proclamation of 1269 denounced the scholars of Paris who "by day and night atrociously wound and slay many, carry off women, ravish virgins, and break into houses."

Britain's illustrious public schools suffered repeated student rebellions in the 18th and 19th centuries. At Winchester in 1793, after stoning the assistant headmaster with marbles, the boys locked him up overnight in the dining hall with the warden and a teacher. When the high sheriff was appealed to the next day, he refused help because the boys had firearms and were getting ready to defend the Outer Gate by flinging flagstones down on the police. Harvard and Princeton experienced numerous such episodes. In 1788 the situation at Harvard was so bad that Professor Eliphalet Pearson kept what he called a *Journal of Disorders*. "In the hall at breakfast this morning," he recorded on Dec. 9, "bisket, tea cups, saucers & a knife thrown at tutors. At evening prayers the lights were all extinguished by powder and lead." A partial list of college casualties during this period includes one undergraduate dead in a duel at South Carolina College and another at Dickinson, several students shot at Ohio's Miami University, a professor killed at the University of Virginia, and the president of Mississippi's Oakland College stabbed to death by a student.

All this past history suggests that Americans, in their tendency to idealize youth, often forget what it is really like.

## The Invention of Youth

Society's important political, moral and intellectual changes, according to U.C.L.A. Historian Eugen Weber, have always been brought about by that section of the population that was "most available." Sometimes it was the nobility, as in the curbing of absolute monarchy, sometimes the rich, as in the rise of mercantilism, sometimes the bourgeois intellectuals, as in the French Revolution. In recent times, Weber holds, the most available group for rebellion has been the young, with more time—and certainly more energy—than anyone else.

Before the industrial revolution, "youth" could hardly be said to exist at all. In primitive societies, children become full-fledged members of the tribe in one painful and often hazardous initiation, which compresses—and purges—the terror of entering adult life. In Europe until well into the 18th century, children were both indulged and ignored. Medieval artists even seemed ignorant of what a child looked like: they habitually painted them as small adults. A 12th century miniature illustrating Jesus' injunction to "suffer the little children to come unto me" shows Christ surrounded by eight undersized men. Before the 17th century, a child passed directly into the adult world between the ages of five and seven. Schoolchildren carried weapons, which they were supposed to check at the schoolroom door. Marriages often took place in childhood. Youngsters drank heavily and even wenched according to their abilities. Montaigne wrote that "A hundred scholars have caught the pox before getting to their Aristotle lesson."

At the same time, society firmly kept the young in their place. In times when life as well as education was far shorter than today, they often made history at an age when the

modern young are still working for their degrees: Edward the Black Prince was 16 when he won the battle of Crécy, Joan of Arc was 17 when she took Orléans from the English, and Ivan the Terrible was the same age when he hounded the boyars to death and had himself crowned czar. But for ordinary people, particularly under the long-prevalent guild system of apprentices and journeymen, life was a slow progression toward experience and eventual reward.

In the 17th century came the beginnings of the modern idea of the family with the child at its center. With greater concern for children and more schooling came a new stage of life between childhood and adulthood: adolescence, a new combination of weal and woe that has profoundly altered human institutions and attitudes.

If adolescence had an inventor, it was Rousseau, who was cynical about man in civilization: "At ten he is led by cakes, at twenty by a mistress, at thirty by amusements, at forty by ambition, and at fifty by avarice. When does he make wisdom his sole pursuit?" Rousseau saw wisdom in nature. Against the traditional Christian notion that children, scarred at birth by original sin, must be civilized through education, he felt that they were really innocent and that they are best educated through the emotions. In *Emile*, in 1762, he advised: "Keep your child's mind idle as long as you can."

### Romantic Alienation

The young thus "educated" by the emotions took stage center in the romantic era, when the glorious dreams of the French Revolution—and their bloody, reactionary demise—turned youth toward an eccentric sentimentality. "They found satisfaction in ideals," wrote Madame de Staël, "because reality offered them nothing to satisfy their imaginations." Goethe intended his *Werther* as a warning to this mooring generation, but the young character who committed suicide for unrequited love became the hero of romanticism. The dirty speech movement of that day was suicide. It was, as Princeton Historian James Billington points out, the first major appearance of alienated youth.

Just as Rousseau had provided the ideological basis for adolescence, the industrial revolution provided the practical one: the factories needed the young as workers. Compulsory education was sold to the House of Commons largely as a device to keep the growing number of unemployed agricultural workers under 15 from "idling in the streets and wynds; tumbling about in the gutters; selling matches, running errands; working in tobacco shops, cared for by no man." The time spent in school fitted them for jobs in the new industrial world, and the young acquired greater economic importance than ever before. On the Continent, they also began to perform an entirely new political role in the liberal revolutions of 1848. They manned the barricades—against Louis Philippe in France, against King Frederick William in Prussia, against Metternich in Austria. They set up a quasi-revolutionary government at the University of Vienna, issued proclamations and organized an Academic Legion uniformed in blue coats, red-black-and-gold sashes and scarlet-lined cloaks.

Although the young rebels were brought back into line quickly enough, the European student remained a political force that reached a climax in the youth movements, both Fascist and Communist, between the world wars. Yet throughout all this, Europe refused to take the young more seriously than absolutely necessary. Until after World War II, the European social pattern closely resembled the ancient Chinese formula, according to which a man married at 30 and continued his learning, was first appointed to office at 40, promoted, if successful, at 50, and retired at 70. Disraeli might proclaim that "almost everything that is great has been done by youth." But the vast majority agreed instead with Lord Chesterfield, who remarked, "Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough."

It was different in the U.S. From America's beginning, youth was not a shortcoming but a virtue, not a time of preparation to be got through but a glorious Eden to be prolonged and preserved. Americans do not really want to keep

the young in their place: they expect that the young will stay there out of their own essentially good nature. America's alltime young hero is Huck Finn, but not in the role of the brave rebel which serious critics (including T. S. Eliot) have cast him in, but in the safe and comfortable role of a backwoods Penrod or Andy Hardy—the eternally lovable bad boy. Until very recently, the sheltered and privileged American young gladly went along with that role. Their hell-raising was equally far removed from Werther's despair and the political barricades. The U.S. was thus enabled to go on worshipping youth without really facing the traits of youth that all other civilizations have accepted as inevitable—rebelliousness, moodiness, shifting passions for shifting causes. Americans want to deny the basic conflict, not to say war, between youth and age. Thus when the young do flare up, their elders are surprised, hurt and disappointed.

In part, this situation was fostered by the immigrant nature of American society. The children of the immigrants were the pathfinders in a new world, and taught their elders its ways. This contributed to the child-centered—some say childridden—nature of American life. More recently, what has caused American youth to live increasingly in a separate enclave or "sub-culture" is the ever-lengthening education process. In no other civilization have so many of the young been kept so long from the responsibilities of adult life. This prolongation of the school years, argues British Sociologist Frank Musgrave, is partly a ploy by the adult world to keep the young out of competition as long as possible, for, he asserts, the "mature of Western society" regard the young "with hatred." With people living longer and retaining their vigor into advanced age, there is certainly less disposition by the mature to make way—although "hatred" seems overstating the case. Still, the diagnosis may yet prove accurate, unless the older generation keeps its cool about the young.

### Search for Fidelity

Every parent should know that his child judges him; but he should also know that the judgment is that of a child. The U.S. has alternated between taking the judgment of its children not seriously enough—and too seriously. What is regarded as today's youthful nihilism is undoubtedly much less alarming than it seems. Whatever political causes the apolitical American young managed to find before have virtually disappeared—hence the concentration on the few remaining ones, such as civil rights and Viet Nam. Among the young bored by prosperity and consensus government, some observers discern a special group, the "New Puritans," who may be toting a protest placard alongside an anti-everything heathen, but with an entirely different attitude inside.

Sociologist David Riesman agrees: he finds that service careers—schoolteaching, social work, government—are increasingly popular with undergraduates, and many of them are working at them part time while still in college, "trying to show that they are capable of human concern," says Riesman, "even while they are competing for grades." And Harvard Professor Erik H. Erikson believes that youth's main virtue and need is "fidelity"—to a worthwhile cause. Until that object of fidelity is found and tested, rebelliousness may simply be "a period of delay, a moratorium."

It is difficult to do justice to the young without being alarmist about their failings, or sentimental about their charms, or condescending about their rawness. The dialogue between experience and naïveté, between "we-know-better" and "we-don't-care," is in a sense impossible, because it is eternally carried on in two different languages. In this dialogue, youth is bound to have the last word—but only by the time youth itself is no longer young. In the face of this ultimately common destiny, Robert Louis Stevenson struck perhaps the best note of loving humor when he said: "Prudence is not a duty to cultivate in youth. Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verse, run a mile to see a fire."

But it still matters where the fire is, and who set it.

# THE WORLD

## FRANCE

### The Power of Choice

*If it should happen Dec. 19 that the French people decide to put General de Gaulle aside, to disown that which is part of their history and—excuse me for believing this—for the present a national necessity . . . this would be an immense misfortune for the country.*

That was Charles de Gaulle fighting for his political life on French television last week, apologizing for the views that for seven years he was wont to deliver from his haughty isolation in the Elysée. Instead, a fascinated France saw a new De Gaulle, submitting night after night, for the first time in his life, to the interrogation of a newspaperman—forced to defend his accomplishments as President, to explain his grand designs, reduced to begging for his reelection like any politician.

**Madame du Barry.** Was he anti-American? Indeed not, insisted De Gaulle. "In truth, who has been the ally of the Americans from end to end if not the France of De Gaulle?" What about fears that he was about to destroy the Common Market? "Nothing is more logical today than to create a common European market," said De Gaulle, though he could not resist adding, "on condition, of course, that it is not adorned with unacceptable political conditions." Then he was opposed to European political unity? "From the time I have been French, I have been European," replied De Gaulle. Then suddenly, France was treated to the spectacle of De Gaulle's hopping around in his chair: "You can jump up and down in your chair like a goat,

saying 'Europe! Europe! Europe!' But that means nothing." Had he neglected French needs at home in pursuit of his international ambitions for France? "Nothing has occupied me more than national prosperity," snapped De Gaulle, and began reciting off statistics to prove it.

"Very interesting," remarked François Mitterrand of his opponent's statistics when his turn came on television, "but unfortunately, not exact." Mitterrand made plain his own unequivocal support for the Atlantic Alliance and a truly united political Europe. "It is sad to note," he observed, "how much Gaullism has come to resemble Vichy, with a monarch and a little court." De Gaulle was like Madame du Barry before the guillotine, he said, pleading "Just another moment, just another moment, Mr. Executioner." The *force de frappe*? "De Gaulle's diplomatic toy, about as effective for France as the Maginot Line in 1940."

**Europe of the Past.** They were telling retorts, and they persuaded some important Frenchmen. Elder Statesman Vincent Auriol, 81, whom De Gaulle recently had flown to Paris in his presidential Caravelle for medical treatment after a fall, turned on his benefactor to endorse Mitterrand. Jean Monnet, architect of the Common Market, backed Mitterrand as well, because he found De Gaulle's idea of Europe the "Europe of centuries past, a rebirth of the nationalist spirit that has brought tragedy to France and Europe." Even De Gaulle's first-ballot, right-wing opponent, Lawyer Tixier-Vignancour, joined the other three eliminated candidates in opposing De Gaulle. The most important of them,

pro-Europe, Catholic Centrist Jean Lecanuet, could not quite go all the way to an endorsement of Mitterrand with his Communist backing, but he advised his 3,700,000 voters either to choose Mitterrand or abstain altogether from voting.

It was Lecanuet's key block of center votes that concerned both De Gaulle and Mitterrand and made both men move toward the center in their campaigning. Mitterrand insisted that he was not the candidate of the left but of "the republic"; De Gaulle argued that he was neither of the right nor left: "I am for France." The Gaullists hoped France reciprocated but had their fears. Premier Georges Pompidou was sufficiently worried to call a press conference to announce that if France would only give De Gaulle another chance, he would mend his ways. "It goes without saying that General de Gaulle, after all that has been said, discussed, shown, will be brought around to rethink his action. It is possible that what he has learned during this great confrontation will lead to certain changes."

The change in De Gaulle was almost pathetically evident in his final entreaty at week's end as the nation prepared to vote. "The Republic has its President," he said quietly. "It is I. Here I am as I am. I don't claim that I am perfect. I do not claim to know everything nor to be able to do everything." Earlier in the week Charles de Gaulle had taken a longer view, and it was likely the view that the history he loves so much will ultimately affirm. "Whatever happens, whatever happens," he intoned, "I will have fulfilled my destiny . . . I will have fulfilled my life."

## POLAND

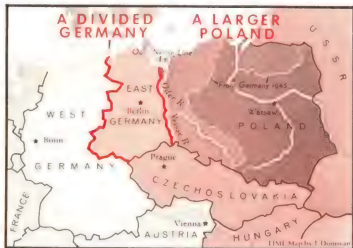
### Beginning of a Dialogue?

If any solution to the ugly geographical scars that divide East and West Europe is ever to be achieved, a way must first be found to soften the bitter hatreds that today—two decades after World War II—still poison the atmosphere among its peoples. Poles still recall with white-hot hate the six million dead left in the wake of Hitler's occupation. For their part, millions of West Germans bitterly demand back the "lost territories" east of the Oder and Neisse rivers taken away from Germany by the Communists after World War II. Voices of reconciliation have been few, but of late new gestures have emerged, and they have come from quarters that should be expected to produce them: the Christian churches.

First came last October's startling memorandum from the West German Evangelical Church partly justifying the loss of the Oder-Neisse region in terms of German war guilt. More recently, it has been the Polish Catholics who



DE GAULLE ON TV (AT LEFT: CULTURE MINISTER ANDRÉ MALRAUX)  
Like the Maginot Line in 1940?



have seemed to seek a new basis for understanding.

**Bitter History.** Near the end of the Ecumenical Council in Rome, Poland's delegation, headed by Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, decided to ask East—and West—Germany's 54 bishops, archbishops and cardinals to attend the 1,000th anniversary of the conversion of Poland's King Mieszko I, to be celebrated in Czechoslovakia next May 3. In a remarkable 17-page invitation, the Polish primates reviewed the bitter record of Polish-German relations, concluded it had been an accident of history. "We grant forgiveness and we ask forgiveness," they said. "Let us seek to forget. No polemics, no more cold war, but the beginning of a dialogue."

Though the document defended Poland's postwar acquisition of the Oder-Neisse territories as a "basic question of existence," it sought forgiveness for the suffering of German refugees and expellees forced from their homelands in the Polish takeover. Such sentiments had not been heard by Germans from Poles since the war, and the German bishops were delighted to accept the invitation. In their response, they carefully explained that when Germans speak of their *Heimatsrecht* to the eastern territories, "it does not—with a few exceptions—signify aggressive intentions" but merely a feeling of remaining emotionally "linked to their homeland." The statement mirrored current moderate West German sentiment, although official German policy will continue to withhold formal recognition of the Oder-Neisse boundary in hopes of using it as a bargaining tool toward reunification.

**Fairy Tale.** Polish Communist response was not moderate at all. Snarled the daily *Zycie Warszawy*: "Who in Poland empowered the Polish bishops to repent and forgive? On whose behalf have they done it? On behalf of the millions murdered in Auschwitz and Maidanek?" Other government papers chimed in, while "students" and "workers" rallied in Lodz, Szczecin and Warsaw to accuse the prelates of meddling

in foreign affairs and sabotaging the national interest.

But Poland is 96.5% Catholic, and Cardinal Wyszyński was greeted on his return from Rome by a rapturous crowd of 1,000 at Warsaw's Gdansk Station. Another 10,000 jammed St. John's Cathedral to hear him proclaim: "We served our homeland well in Rome. Anything else you hear you can put down as a fairy tale. Treat it as the leaves dropping from the trees." He was besieged afterwards with bouquets and hymns.

Wladyslaw Gomułka can refuse to issue visas to the West German bishops—but if he does, Pope Paul VI, who in the 1920s filled a diplomatic post in Warsaw and who would greatly like to attend the ceremonies at Czechoslovakia himself, can hardly overlook the insult to his church. The Vatican last week could only wait, and hope that Gomułka would simmer down.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Dreaming of a Red Christmas

The Viet Cong have promised to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their "National Liberation Front" this week with a major act of terrorism against Americans in downtown Saigon. Since in the past the Viet Cong have very often proved as bad as their word, Saigon last week wore a look of siege amidst the festoonery of Christmas. Police guards were doubled around the main hotels and military installations, and white wooden barriers blocked off many streets—including the one on which General William C. Westmoreland's house is situated.

Christmas trees were checked for explosives before they were allowed into U.S. billets, and at the American commissary, guards used mirrors mounted on long poles to look underneath vehicles driven by Vietnamese. In the Caravelle Hotel, Vietnamese guests of Americans heading for the top-floor restaurant had to submit to searches in the lobby, and were required to leave their ID cards behind with the concierge. A

dark-to-dawn curfew was imposed by Westmoreland on all U.S. military personnel in Saigon.

For all the precautions, terrorism was on the increase. Three times last week Vietnamese youths tossed grenades into trucks loaded with G.I.s, wounding a total of 18. And for the first time, uniformed Viet Cong were appearing openly in groups on the outskirts of Saigon—well within the seven-mile defense belt long claimed by the police to be impenetrable by the enemy. In one street battle last week, a police patrol traded fire with a Viet Cong squad for 20 minutes before the guerrillas melted into side streets. At the suburban police station of Tan Quy Dong, 30 Viet Cong assaulted the chief and three recruits on duty, who escaped, wounded, only by jumping out of windows into the nearby river. The attackers then made off with the station's small armory.

Saigon thinks the enemy may well try to pair its new terrorist campaign with an offensive in the field. Most likely spot: the Kontum-Pleiku region in the western highlands, where the Ho Chi Minh trail feeds men and supplies from Laos into South Viet Nam. The Communists have been notably quiet there since the bloody battles in the Ia Drang valley last month. Intelligence experts say they detect signs that the North Vietnamese regulars are busily regrouping, perhaps preparing for an unprecedented division-sized assault.

## Opening the Envelope

In from the sea at 1,000 feet darted the 36 sweeping F-105 jets armed with rockets and 3,000-lb. bombs. Over North Viet Nam's port city of Haiphong, they were mere minutes from the target: the Uong Bi power plant, newest and most modern in all North Viet Nam, supplying 33% of Haiphong's electricity and 25% of Hanoi's. Low cloud cover and a deadly hail of antiaircraft fire made the mission as hairy as any carried out over the North so far. But down went thousands of rockets and 14 tons of bombs. When the smoke cleared, Uong Bi was destroyed, and much of the Hanoi-Haiphong "red envelope" of industry was blacked out. It was the first time the envelope had been opened, and the raid served notice that what sanctuary the U.S. gives Hanoi the U.S. can at any time take away.

## The Giant Bottleneck

The No. 1 U.S. problem in Viet Nam at the moment is not the war but the wherewithal to fight the war, not the Communist enemy but the beans and bread, bullets and billets necessary for the daily support of 170,000 American fighting men. Between the U.S. and its forces in the field lies a transport pipeline some 9,000 miles long. It flows freely until it hits the ports and beaches of South Viet Nam, where a dearth of deep-water piers, tugs, lighters and warehousing has created a bottleneck of great and dangerous proportions.

Last week 92 cargo ships stood in

Viet Nam's six major ports. Only 40 were being unloaded; the rest lay idly at anchor. Some 40 more are being held up in the Philippines, Okinawa and Japan until the traffic thins. With the U.S. buildup, incoming cargo has increased ten-fold in half a year, to 800,000 tons last month—and 60% of it must pass through Saigon. The average wait for a ship to be unloaded is 22 days at Saigon, 31 at Cam Ranh Bay, 40 at Danang—though both Cam Ranh and Danang are rapidly being improved.

**C-Rats & Spray.** The bottleneck has not yet curtailed any major U.S. action in Viet Nam, but it has, as one officer puts it, "kept us in essentially a defensive position." At the 1st Air Cav's giant

capacity is grossly short: a single cargo ship can carry far more than that.

**Slowing the Buildup.** All told, some 80,000 tons of supplies are backed up in Saigon's warehouses and docks awaiting transshipment to other bases and field units. For the problem is not only unloading ocean vessels, but getting supplies out where they are needed. With a large part of South Viet Nam's road and rail transportation out of commission, most goods must be moved up the coast in World War II LSTs, which are able to disgorge their cargo in shallow water right on the beach. Currently only 14 LSTs, manned largely by Japanese, are available to do the job. But last week the Pentagon was weighing

he added, that "if Burma were not a country with an abundance of food, we would all be starving."

The reason that no one is starving is that farming is the one sector of the economy Ne Win has left in private hands. Some 23 million Burmese live among lush paddies in a land larger than France, and there is plenty of rice for all. There is plenty of almost nothing else. Such essentials for the rice pot as onions, chili peppers, salt and cooking oil are now tightly rationed, available only in the state-run "people's stores"—or on the booming black market. Part of Ne Win's "Burmanization" program included driving out the Indian and Pakistani shopkeepers. Burmese replacements in the people's stores have yet to show much aptitude for retailing: one Rangoonee wrote his newspaper, sarcastically congratulating the government for a widely hailed increase in the production of eight items, none of which were available in the stores. Another reported being offered a lottery ticket that promised as first prize the next umbrella to become available in his local people's store.

Ne Win admitted that "willy-nilly" nationalization had not worked out well. "It was like having caught hold of a tiger's tail," he said, "but there was nothing else to do but hang on to it." After all, he pointed out, Red China, Russia and the U.S. have occasional economic troubles; it is his proud boast that Burma borrows the best from both Communism and capitalism while keeping isolated and independent of each. Maybe, suggested some in the seminar. Brigadier General Tin Pe, until recently head of the people's stores and the most Marxist officer in Ne Win's Cabinet, was to blame for the distribution snafu? No, insisted Ne Win manfully, "the brigadier is not alone responsible for it. The entire government, including myself, is to blame. They have done it collectively and are responsible for it collectively."

Whereupon, in the best socialist tradition, Ne Win enjoined his colleagues to keep looking for collective solutions.

## THAILAND

### Reciprocating a Kindness

A century ago, Abraham Lincoln received a letter from Anna's King of Siam offering a gift of elephants to "bear burdens and travel through incleaved woods and matted jungles where no carriage and cart roads have yet been made." The beasts might have served well in the Civil War's Battle of the Wilderness, but Lincoln politely declined the offer. The sentiment, however, was not forgotten.

From Bangkok to the Mekong valley last week, the \$40-million-a-year U.S.-Thai military development program was proceeding apace. Two U.S. Army engineer battalions worked side by side in rising red dust with Royal Thai Army engineers, carving a broad, all-weather military highway—the Bang-



SHIPPING JAM AT SAIGON  
200,000 steaks and mountains of eggs.

enclave at An Khe, Jeeps and trucks are only driven when absolutely necessary. The division is short of gas, while two huge ocean-going tankers loll in the Saigon River waiting to be unloaded. Last month the marines at Danang ran out of mosquito spray in the midst of a malarial epidemic that has forced the evacuation of 800 infected servicemen: 37,500 gallons were borrowed from other bases. Twice the U.S.S. *Kimbro* set sail for Viet Nam from the Philippines, only to be ordered back because of lack of dock space for its cargo of rockets, bombs and 175-mm. shells. Last week the ship finally made it, and just in time: the troops at Qui Nhon were running low on 175-mm. ammo.

An estimated 70% of the troops in Viet Nam are still eating canned C-rations ("C-rats" to the G.I.s), despite over 200,000 choice steaks and mountains of fresh eggs and vegetables waiting in Saigon's cold-storage facilities. Reason: field units have inadequate refrigerated space of their own—a must in Viet Nam's hot and humid climate. Even Saigon's "reefer" (refrigerator)

a contract with Vancouver's Alaska Barge & Transport Co. to put its ocean-going tugs and barges to work in Viet Nam waters. And the installation last week of a 300-ft. De Tong pier at Cam Ranh Bay upped South Viet Nam's port capacity 15% at one stroke.

Until things dramatically improve, the U.S. capacity to carry the war to the enemy—and increase the size of U.S. manpower in Viet Nam—will be hobbled. Current target for blasting the pipeline clear: March 1966.

## BURMA

### Sharing the Shame

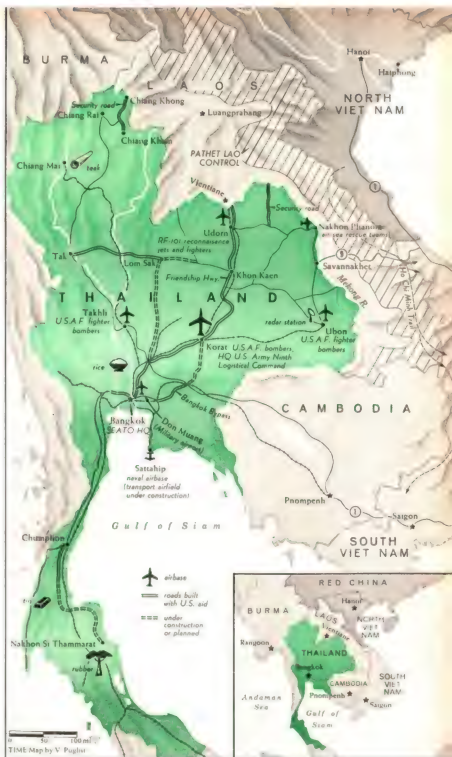
Candor in a military dictator is a rare quality, and self-criticism rarer still. But Burmese Strongman General Ne Win offered both in abundance at a recent Rangoon seminar of his Socialist Program Party. The topic: potholes in Ne Win's "Burmese road to socialism," launched soon after he took power in 1962 and began nationalizing everything in sight. The economy, confessed the general, "is in a mess." So much so,

kok Bypass road—from the Gulf of Siam to the northeast provinces (see map). At the ocean end of the road, the U.S. is building the \$11.9 million Sattahip Naval Airbase, replete with jet strips, a deepwater pier, and 70 ammunition bunkers. At the other end stands Camp Friendship, near the town of Korat, where 500 Americans and 850 Thais stand watch over \$30 million worth of tanks, Jeeps, armored personnel carriers, and artillery, enough to support a U.S. brigade. The Royal Thai Air Force is soon to receive 18 Northrop-built F-5 jet fighters, while the tough Thai infantry's Garand rifles will soon be replaced with light, fast-firing Armalites, which are much better suited to the miasmatic conditions of jungle warfare. Radar and reconnaissance planes will add long-range vision to the 14,000-man Thai Navy, and swift patrol boats will give the 1,500 miles of meandering coastline additional security.

**Lessons from Viet Nam.** The U.S. presence in Thailand has grown from 4,800 men in 1962 (when President Kennedy sent U.S. troops during the Laotian crisis) to some 12,000 or more today. In deference to Thai touchiness (the kingdom has never known colonial rule), U.S. planes in Thailand do not operate out of "American" bases; technically, they are "stopovers" and no Americans other than couriers carry arms. But the three squadrons of U.S. Thunderchief and Phantom fighter-bombers that roar daily out of Korat for raids on North Viet Nam fly armed. Indeed, most U.S. strikes at the North are mounted in Thailand: another four U.S. attack squadrons are stationed at Thai airbases near Takhlhi and Ubon, while sleek RF-101 Voodoos fly from Udorn on reconnaissance missions above the Laotian part of the Ho Chi Minh Trail (TIME, Dec. 17). Gaily colored Thai trucks rumble by night up the U.S.-built Friendship Highway lugging bombs and jet fuel to the bases. New, laterite-surfaced "security roads" run up to Thailand's northern borders, providing ready access for Thai counterinsurgency forces and routes for any future U.S. buildup aimed at turning North Viet Nam's western flank. From Nakhon Phanom, a U.S. air-sea rescue team flies missions to recover pilots downed over North Viet Nam.

U.S. airmen have long been training Thai pilots, just as U.S. Navy Seabees cutting roads through the wilderness of the northeast are teaching Thai workers to take over construction jobs. The Thais emulate their Seabee trainers not only in their specially designed belts and insignia but in their rough-and-ready work habits. And last week Thailand's Deputy Prime Minister, General Prapach Chaturasit, announced the pay-off of the air-training program: Thailand is sending transport pilots to South Viet Nam, which sorely needs them, and is also giving military and police training to 1,000 young Laotians annually.

Beyond the immediate value of the burgeoning U.S. presence in Thailand



lies a grander purpose. "We're trying to apply the lessons of Viet Nam to Thailand early in the game," says a top American military official. By laying a sound infrastructure of ports, highways and airstrips, bottlenecks like that currently plaguing the American buildup in Viet Nam are not likely to develop. When the bases and roads are completed, entire U.S. divisions could be airlifted into Thailand in a day's time

from American bases in the Pacific or from the U.S. itself.

**Love Potion No. 9.** The American presence is felt in ways other than the military. In Korat's swinging nightspots (tramping from the Pizza Palace to the Playboy Bar), crew-cut G.I.s dance with Thai girls in skintight trousers and bouffant hairdos that glint with Helene Curtis spray (a top PX item despite the fact that no American military depend-

ents are allowed in Thailand). Ubiquitous transistors thrum with American pop tunes (current favorite: *Love Potion No. 9*), and such examples of American cuisine as cheeseburgers and chicken-in-the-basket now grace the menus in Udorn. The U.S. Army's Ninth Logistical Command employs 3,000 of Korat's 80,000 residents, pumps \$150,000 a month into the town in salaries alone. That does not count the greenbacks spent by Americans on food and drinks at the bars that are springing up everywhere, and on Thailand's lissome young women. Such attractions have made Bangkok increasingly popular as a leave center for U.S. troops seeking "R & R" (rest and recreation) between bouts of combat in South Viet Nam.

Communist reaction to the American-Thai buildup has been predictably violent. Terrorists have murdered 24 "police agents" in recent weeks, and when Thai cops clashed with a terrorist band near Ubon early this month, they found expended cartridges of Communist Chinese and Bulgarian manufacture. Most of the Red terrorism has been concentrated in the wild northeast provinces of Thailand, which lie near Communist-controlled areas of Laos.

The presence in the northeast of some 40,000 North Vietnamese refugees, who fled there after the 1954 partition of Viet Nam, also complicates the problem of counterinsurgency, for many of the young Vietnamese are susceptible to Communist recruitment. Last week Peking announced that Thailand's two Communist organizations—the Patriotic Front and the Thai Independence Movement—had merged under the leadership of the Patriotic Front. Both outfits together number no more than 1,000 members, but it is from just such hardened cadres that full-scale Viet Cong-style guerrilla armies develop.

For the moment, the Reds are demanding nothing more than an end to the American presence and a move toward "neutrality." But as Thailand's Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman recently remarked to visiting U.S. Senator Mike Mansfield: "Thailand does not want to become another guinea pig in a laboratory to use as a test of Communist good faith." In that, the Thais can be assured of American concurrence.

## INDONESIA

### The Cutting Edge of Koti

"I don't want to be ignored," moaned President Sukarno last week. All but ignored he was, as Indonesia's high-riding soldiers relentlessly pressed their campaign to sweep Communist sympathizers out of positions of power and to reshape the nation's rickety economy.

A victim was pro-Communist Foreign Minister Subandrio, who held key positions not only in the Djakarta Cabinet's presidium, but in the Supreme Operations Command (Koti) as well. Abruptly last week the army bounced Subandrio out of Koti, stripped him of

control over Indonesia's intelligence network. Suddenly it became clear that Koti was emerging as the key controlling body of the country, with powers in every field from economics to education. And into Koti's key post stepped General Abdul Haris Nasution, Defense Minister and No. 1 military strongman.

**Bananas & Barter.** Then came an effort to cope with Indonesia's chaotic currency. Since the coup attempt, the rupiah's black-market price has soared from 10,000 for one U.S. dollar to a still-climbing 30,000. Rice prices rocketed from 310 rupiahs per liter last summer to the current high of 2,000 rupiahs. The generals announced that over the next six months, all old rupiahs



DEFENSE MINISTER NASUTION\*  
Toward a lesser load of bank notes.

would be withdrawn from circulation and replaced by new rupiahs at a rate of one new rupiah for each 1,000 old. The move would have limited value, since the topping off of three zeroes was a mere invitation to shopkeepers to adjust their prices accordingly, for all the government's admonitions against such action. Many merchants simply closed.

Koti's cutting edge would at least reduce the bulk of bank notes Indonesians have had to lug around with them. But far more was needed to revamp the entire price-wage structure and provide incentives to restore production to decaying plantations and mines. Though the peasantry survives happily enough on bananas, breadfruit and barter, few city dwellers today can make ends meet without handouts of rice, free housing and cash from their employers.

**Friends & Enemies.** One way to aid the economy would be to end the "confrontation" with Malaysia and Singa-

pore, a Sukarno fancy that took 20% of Indonesia's 390 billion rupiah budget last year. That the generals are thinking of terminating the expensive program of armed hostility came out fortnight ago, when the Foreign Ministry casually offered to negotiate with the states of Malaysia and with newly independent Singapore. The offer was rejected by Malaysian Deputy Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak as an attempt to "disintegrate the unity of Malaysia," but Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew welcomed it warmly. "Malaysia's friends may be our friends," said Lee, "but Malaysia's enemies need not be our enemies." Encouraged perhaps by Lee's response, the authoritative newspaper Indonesian Herald published an editorial reiterating Djakarta's "position of flexibility" on the confrontation issue.

Whatever the fate of the negotiation offer, the confrontation has gradually withered away. No major incidents have occurred along the 971-mile Borneo border since last June, and the Malay Peninsula has been dead quiet. Last week the only confrontation Indonesia had in the Strait of Malacca was with the Helen Mar Reef. One of the Indonesian navy's Soviet-built frigates ran aground and remained stuck, despite the efforts of two other warships to tow her off. To a passing British patrol vessel, the frigate signaled sadly: "See you at the same place tomorrow."

## RHODESIA

### And Now for Oil

The stakes were rising in Ian Smith's daring game against the British. Rhodesians jammed the downtown streets of Salisbury and Bulawayo in a carefree holiday shopping spree, while shopkeepers demonstrated their support of the poker-faced Prime Minister by decorating their windows with his picture, draped in tinsel and purple bunting. But in the rest of Africa, black men were lacing their indignation at Smith's breakaway regime with ugly threats.

Harold Wilson was on the spot. None of the mild economic sanctions he had imposed seemed to be having the desired effect of forcing Smith's regime to topple or recant. Demanding faster results, 35 delegates from the often divided Organization of African Unity met in Addis Ababa three weeks ago and passed a resolution calling on its members to break off diplomatic relations with Britain on Dec. 15 unless Wilson brought Smith to heel. The demand seemed pointless and futile enough; nonetheless when the date fell due, six nations acted on it.

**Need for Calm.** First to go was Guinea's flamboyant Sékou Touré. Infinitely more distressing to No. 10 Downing Street was the break made by Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, a Commonwealth member and a moderate. Genuinely reluctant, Nyerere acted on what he obviously considered to be a moral question, made it clear that he hoped to remain in the Commonwealth and

\* Still on a cane last month, after breaking his ankle while vaulting a wall the night of the coup.



*In my  
Father's house  
are many mansions*



ONE HOUSE, one world; many mansions, many creeds; each joined by the Golden Rule. Together the religions of the earth form a chain of spiritual brotherhood. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them: for this is the law of the prophets," spoke Jesus. ♦ Five centuries before Christ, Confucius said, "What you do not want done to yourself do not do unto others."

FROM THE EAST Hinduism admonishes: "Do naught to others which, if done to thee, would cause thee pain." Buddha commands a clansman to administer to his friends and familiars "...by treating them as he treats himself." ♦ The ancient Jewish rule reads: "What thou thyself hatest, do to no man." ♦ Each of the great religions and philosophies of the world shares in different words from diverse creeds the same principle of goodwill among men. The Golden Rule is a practical precept to practice, each day, from one Christmas to the next.

*Hilton Hotels,* CONRAD N. HILTON, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

# HOW DID

## Christian Dior

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# GET to DUBUQUE



The first American magazine for women, "Ladies Magazine", was published in Boston in 1828. ★ A river of "liquid wood" eight miles long flows in Maine where Great Northern sends pulp in slush form from one of our mills to another by pipeline across a bridge. From this wood pulp comes thousands of tons of paper a year for periodicals. ★ Today's magazines and books call for an annual supply of 5,347,000 tons of paper—a sheet 12 feet wide from

here to the moon and back 58 times. ★ America's timber resources have been a concern of conservationists since earliest days. As long ago as 1682, William Penn issued the first replanting edict. Today, all Great Northern forests are operated on a "harvest and regrow" program.

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even resume relations with Britain if Rhodesia's rebellion was put down. But for the moment, he was breaking with Britain. So were Ghana, Mali, Egypt and the Sudan; there were signs that others would follow.

Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, another moderate, was also displaying disturbing signs of irritation. For a month, he had been asking Britain to send troops across into Rhodesia to "protect" the Kariba power station, on the southern side of the Zambezi. Britain refused. Last week Kaunda announced that he would send his next request, if necessary, to Moscow.

The last thing Britain wants is troops from other nations on Central African soil. Yet one of Africa's elder statesmen, Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, was also working up to a similar demand. Kenyatta petitioned the U.N. Security Council to declare embargoes on Rhodesia under Chapter VII of the U.N. Charter, which would most likely require a U.N. force to police them. Britain does have a veto in the Security Council but the General Assembly can also vote to send such a force.

Harold Wilson arrived at U.N. headquarters in New York last week to appeal for reason. "I beseech this assembly," said he, "to give us time to deal with this situation. Calm, cool counsels are more likely to settle this issue. If passions take control, this mad action could be the beginning of a new and more dangerous conflict, unlike any in world history." Before he began to speak, 25 African delegates (including eight Commonwealth representatives) had walked out on him. Snapped Tanzania's Ambassador John Malecela: "Africa feels the United Kingdom is stalling."

**Support from Lyndon.** The next day, following consultations in Washington with Lyndon Johnson, Wilson imposed an embargo on all oil shipped by British nationals to Rhodesia. The embargo drew instant complaints in London, where right-wing Tories are already protesting that Wilson is being too severe on Smith and "our kith and kin." Nonetheless, the embargo subjects violators to maximum legal penalties of six months in jail and a \$1,400 fine. The U.S. "welcomed and supported" the move, promised to ask U.S. companies and citizens to voluntarily comply. The London headquarters of Royal Dutch Shell ordered the 20,000-ton tanker *Stabergh*, carrying a cargo of Shell oil destined for Rhodesia to the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, to change its course.

Oil for landlocked Zambia normally passes through Rhodesia—and Ian Smith's first response was to embargo it in turn. Both the U.S. and Britain had expected that. The R.A.F. was already preparing to airlift supplies to Zambia, and the U.S. promised to provide supplementary aircraft. From London, Wilson's Deputy Prime Minister George Brown telephoned both Kaunda and Nyerere, who agreed to the plan.

The big question was what effect the embargo would have on Rhodesia. Rhodesia uses only 280,000 tons a year, virtually all of it piped in from the port of Beira in the Portuguese colony of Mozambique to a new refinery at Umtali on the Rhodesian border. Normally, the nation has only a six-week reserve, but there are signs that Ian Smith has been quietly stockpiling a six-month supply. This would not be too hard, for oil supplies only 27% of Rhodesia's energy, primarily for autos and airplanes, with the bulk of its factories, utilities and its trains still coal-powered.

There are also two large loopholes in the wall that Wilson is seeking to build around Rhodesia: South Africa and Portugal, which share borders with Ian Smith's rebellious land. In Washington, British and U.S. officials stoutly maintained that both countries would uphold the embargo rather than risk diplomatic breaks with the Western powers. But would they? "This is obviously an internal affair between Britain and Rhodesia," declared a Lisbon official. "If tankers arrive in Mozambique with oil for Rhodesia, Portuguese authorities will not interfere." South Africa maintained a stolid silence. But there was small doubt where its true sympathies lay. And even though 90% of the refineries in South Africa are controlled by British and American companies, the smaller operators could still easily meet Rhodesian requirements.

## THE CONGO

### The Short-Sleeved Society

When President Joseph Mobutu showed up in Leopoldville's King Baudouin Stadium for his first major public appearance last week, the 30,000 people on hand thought it odd that he was in informal khakis instead of his bemedaled full-dress general's uniform. There was a reason. Mobutu was there to urge his nation to get down to work. For five years, he claimed, politicians had "sacrificed the country for their own interests" and had brought it "hatred, quarrels and corruption." "The Congo no longer produces," he said, "the people no longer work."

All that is going to change, said Mobutu, and it suddenly became clear why he wore no tunic. Pop went the button on one shirt cuff as he told the Congolese to "roll up your sleeves, strip off your ties and get to work." Pop went the button on his other cuff as his huge-eyed audience began to realize that he meant them to follow suit. "Roll 'em up," Mobutu called to the uproarious crowd. "You too!" he shouted to his assembled Cabinet ministers, who sheepishly followed orders.

It was just the sort of medicine that the Congo needed, and the rolled-up sleeve became a nationwide symbol overnight. Some took it for more than a symbol. Next day, when two Leopoldville businessmen walked into the post office building wearing neckties and long, rolled-down sleeves, they were



MOBUTU AT STADIUM  
"You too!"

immediately arrested and taken off to a police station by an overzealous cop. He had to let them go when the desk sergeant explained that rolled-up sleeves were a figure of speech, not a law.

## RUSSIA

### Orderly Public Procedures

The interrogation scene could have been lifted directly from a macabre novel by Abram Tertz. In a grim government building off Pushkin Square, two Russian plainclothesmen pounded away at their prisoner with 21 hours of questions. Why, they asked, had the young logician from the Academy of Sciences been carrying a poster that read "Respect the Soviet Constitution"? Replied the prisoner: "Is it wrong to demand respect for the constitution?" Next question: "Are you directing your demand at the Soviet rulers?" Answer: "That is your suggestion. If you feel they need this advice, let them have it."

The exchange was reported last week in a New York Times dispatch from Moscow. The prisoner was Aleksandr Fesin-Volpin, 41, the son of flamboyant Revolutionary poet Sergei Fesin, who committed suicide in 1925. Himself a poet of prominence, Fesin-Volpin had been arrested as a ringleader of the short-lived demonstration in Pushkin Square that demanded a public trial for Andrei Sinavsky, generally believed to be the pseudonymous Abram Tertz, and Yuli Daniel, who wrote under the name Nikolai Arzhak (TSMF, Dec. 17).

In Nikita Khrushchev's day, such a public protest might have landed Fesin-Volpin in the Lubyanka. In fact, he was released with nothing more punishing than a lecture on "orderly public procedures" and a warning that he could expect to be denounced in the press. What is more, it seemed that Sinavsky-Tertz and Daniel-Arzhak would indeed receive a public trial, probably next month in Moscow. That did not mean the pair would get off scot free, but it was progress of a sort.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### Changing the Line-Up

Stirring the dust that has settled over Canadian politics, Liberal Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson last week announced the biggest Cabinet overhaul of any government since World War II. Of 25 ministries, ten were reorganized. Five ministers were shifted out of their jobs into new ones, and five old faces, two of them touched by the scandals



PEARSON & WINTERS  
Another man to watch.

that rocked Pearson's Cabinet last year, were replaced altogether. Said Pearson bluntly: "The nature of governmental problems is altering to a dramatic degree. These changes are designed to improve efficiency and better serve the needs of the Canadian people."

**Out & In.** The massive shake-up came little more than a month after the national election in which Pearson confidently expected to win a real mandate for his 29-month minority government but came away from the polls with the same old minority. One of the top men to go was Pearson's erstwhile Finance Minister, Walter Gordon, an old crony whose advice led the Liberals into the dogfall election. Gordon resigned immediately after the election. Of the old ministers, only a few came out of the shuffle with increased stature, and the most important of them is Gordon's replacement, Mitchell Sharp, former Minister of Trade and Commerce and the shrewd negotiator who in the last two years has sold \$1.7 billion worth of wheat to Russia and Red China. To make sure it continues, Sharp will keep his hat as overseer of the Canadian Wheat Board.

While that makes Sharp one of Pearson's most powerful lieutenants, most of the interest in Ottawa last week was concentrated on the new men Pearson has brought into his Cabinet—among whom the Liberals may one day find

their next leader. In answer to a newsman's question, Pearson declared: "I'm carrying on." But he is 68 now, and some observers think he may step down after another year or so.

**An Aim.** One new name that stands out is Jean Marchand, 47, who will head Pearson's proposed Ministry of Manpower, dealing with everything from citizenship and immigration to employment. An able Quebec labor leader and attractive vote getter, he is the first French Canadian in years to hold a Cabinet post with real economic power and is obviously a man in whom Pearson sees possibilities.

A better man to watch is Robert Winters, 55, a longtime Pearson friend and new Minister of Trade and Commerce. Tall and handsome, Winters is a successful businessman-politician with credentials that make him a man of admired organizational ability. Canadians remember him as the youngest member of Louis St. Laurent's Cabinet in the late 1940s and early '50s; he then left politics to take over the presidency of the Rio Tinto Mining Co. of Canada, Ltd., and only re-entered politics this fall at Pearson's pleading.

Critics complain that Winters is more a manipulator than a man of ideas, that he has no genuine political philosophy. "It all indicates to me that I'm, pretty much a middle-of-the-roader," says Winters, "which is just what I aim to be." And on the early line, at least, his aim makes him the experts' favorite to be Mike Pearson's successor.

## COLOMBIA

### Turn to the Front

Under the truce established eight years ago between Colombia's Liberals and Conservatives, the two warring parties are supposed to alternate the presidency and join in a single National Front to develop their rich nation. For the past three years, under the wavering hand of Conservative President Guillermo León Valencia, there has been little development, and even less unity. The economy is in tatters, while the front has split into so many quarreling factions that its official candidate in the May 1966 elections, Liberal Carlos Lleras Restrepo, withdrew from the race.

Last week the battered front was showing some new signs of life—thanks to the statesman who devised the formula in the first place. He is Alberto Lleras Camargo, the longtime Liberal leader (and distant cousin of Lleras Restrepo) who served ably from 1958 to 1962 as the front's first President, then retired to Manhattan and a job as editorial chairman of *Vision*, Latin America's leading Spanish-language newsmagazine. Going back to Bogotá last August, Lleras set out to glue the front together by main force of personality and pres-

tige. He urged all Colombians "to bind ourselves in a great movement to awaken the national conscience." In the political back rooms and in talks with the country's landowning upper class, Lleras Camargo reminded Colombians of the 200,000 killed during the years of bloody civil strife, implying that the front was the only way to avoid another massacre—or a military dictatorship. The campaign ended at a huge rally in Bogotá. With Lleras Camargo looking on, Lleras Restrepo once again accepted the front's nomination for President and proclaimed a platform of nationalism and social reform.

**Looking for a Chance.** The likelihood is that Lleras Restrepo will win the presidency against a divided opposition next May. He might even be able to do something for Colombia—if he gets the chance. Though he has none of the personal appeal of Lleras Camargo, he is a respected economist and former Finance Minister who knows the hard things he must do to reduce Colombia's spiraling cost of living (up 64% in three years) and soaring foreign debt (up 100% to \$750 million).

The problem will be getting Colombia's Congress to go along. Dissident Liberals, Conservatives and followers of ex-Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla control 126 of the 282 seats, more than enough for the one-third needed to block legislation under the current law. The next campaign of the two Llerases will be to change the law to a simple majority—and that may be tougher than winning the presidency itself.



THE COUSINS LLERAS  
A battered union to fix.

# A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

## PEOPLE

"Aren't you tired of being called a sex kitten?" asked a feline voice above the press conference din in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel. **Brigitte Bardot**, 31, stuck out her chin and quite a bit of the rest of her, and allowed that she just "adored" the title. In the U.S. for the first time to heat up publicity for her new movie, *Viva Maria*, B.B. put on her sexy behavior and a bra for the occasion. "Will you ever marry again?" a questioner hollered, and Brigitte explained, "I think better without hus-



BRIGITTE BARDOT  
A kitten and other cats.

bands." When one catty correspondent asked the kitten: "Do you feel it necessary to become a mother to be really fulfilled?" Brigitte, whose son is 5, shot back: "I think one should try everything. Have you?" The next woman should have known better, but she snipped: "How does that fit in with your idea of love without marriage?" B.B. smiled: "Did you try it since yesterday?" Yes, said the reporter, "but what do I do now?" Well, advised La Bardot: "Keep trying. Keep trying."

To *Le Parisien Libéré*, Rudolf Nureyev, 27, was "forever the prodigious dancer who left us breathless in 1961." That was the year when the temperamental Tartar also left two Soviet "bodyguards" breathless at Le Bourget Airport as he leaped away from the Leningrad-Kirov Ballet troupe to become the most spectacular male dancer

in the West. After performing in Paris with Dame Margot Fonteyn at the Third International Dance Festival, Rudi had a sentimental look at his old Leningrad-Kirov comrades for the first time in four years, broke into wild applause from the audience as Compatriot Yuri Soloviev bounded through *Bluebird* and *Giselle*. "They dance so beautifully," sighed Rudi. But he carefully avoided dancing backstage for a reunion.

She was lovely when Greta Garbo resurrected her on-screen, prowling around in trousers with John Gilbert in 1933's *Queen Christina*. Still, the myth persisted that besides being wanton and mannish, Sweden's baroque queen was plain ugly. A catty tale. Archaeologists opened the marble tomb in the Vatican grotto where she was buried in 1689, discovered the silver death mask of a handsome woman who might have played the Garbo part herself.

Just as Virginia's Senator **Harry** ("Little Harry") **Byrd Jr.**, 51, was settling comfortably into the handsome, five-room office suite that he'd inherited along with Papa Byrd's title last month, in stalked Oregon's Senator **Wayne Morse**, 65. The senior Senator prowled through the Virginian's homestead, admired the view of the Capitol, and then announced that he would foreclose the mortgage. "I'd like to have the office," rumbled Morse, who stands on the eighth rung from the top in Senate seniority and can claim nearly any office he chooses. Groaned one of Little Harry's men: "As Number 100 in the Senate, Byrd will take the one that's left—somewhere out in Maryland, maybe."

"My goodness, Mr. McCone!" tutted a White House guard next day. "What'll they do next—break into Edgar Hoover's house?" It was nearly that bad. While former Central Intelligence Agency Director **John McCone** waltzed around with his wife Ti at Washington's National Symphony Ball, somebody cracked the Shoreham Hotel's defenses upstairs, broke into the McCones' suite and seriously sabotaged Ti's jewel collection. More than \$18,000 in diamonds and pearls and other baubles were gone when the ball was over, and Edgar Hoover's boys immediately jumped in to investigate, along with some CIA people. The CIA explained that it is merely doing "liaison" for its old boss.

Federal Communications Commissioner **Robert E. Lee**, 53, was sending out some signals complaining that the badinage on late-night television is "getting pretty close to indecency." On Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, for instance, where Actor Ray Milland recently told that ever-so-funny story about having to go to the bathroom in a swimming pool while filming a scene,

"I don't want the industry to degenerate," said Lee. He just wants the broadcasters to censor themselves a little for the public. In private, grinned the commissioner, "I'm one of the greatest off-color storytellers in town."

For the honeymoon they trudged off on a bracing hiking and fishing trip through Washington State's lonely Olympic Peninsula, the young bride decked out in her gifts from the groom: a back pack and hiking boots. After four months of marriage, the young bride panted: "I'm taking vitamin pills." Now, two years later, Joan Martin Douglas, 25, can't keep up any longer. Filing suit for divorce from U.S. Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, 67, Joan charged the old outdoorsman with "cruel treatment and personal indignities which have rendered



JUSTICE DOUGLAS & JOAN  
A back pack and other burdens.

plaintiff's life burdensome." The justice, facing his third divorce, offered no dis-senting opinion.

The "fighter of the year," voted the Boxing Writers' Association. Of course. That's just what **Cassius Clay**, 23, had been telling the Chicago cops that very afternoon. "I'm the champ!" snarled the Lip when a couple of plainclothesmen stopped the 1962 Cadillac in which he was being chauffeured around the South Side. The car didn't have any license plates, and it was cruising slowly through a high-theft district—which attracted the cops' attention. Cassius Muhammad Ali thought it was a clear case of *lèse majesté*, pointing to his Black Muslim lapel pin and yelling: "You can't arrest me! I represent another government—the Negro government. I'm a \$15 million-a-year man, and you're nothing but a policeman. Lay a hand on me and I'll slap a brutality charge on you." After a few more rounds of that, the poor fuzz hauled the fighter of the year off to the station house, where he posted \$25 bond on a disorderly conduct charge.

# Bring a bottle of Great Western Champagne

## The bouquet comes later

Drink to the days and the nights and the seasons. Drink to the year of champagne. Drink to The Birds of NOVEMBER. You may not have turkey this time. Great Western Champagne is just as convivial with goose or duckling or capon or Cornish hen. Gives wings to ham and lamb. The Christmas Cheer of DECEMBER. Great Western Champagne round the merry holly berry. And under the mistletoe and under the tree. The Happy New Year of JANUARY. Meet midnight with Crabmeat Chasseur. Chicken Tetrazzini. And Great Western Champagne. The Words of FEBRUARY. We cannot tell a lie. Great Western is to praise our presidents and take with a slice of cherry pie. To say: "Be my Valentine." Though when you drink it, words may fail you. The Ides of MARCH. Batten all shutters against the windswept night and toast your toes and your snugness with Great Western Champagne. You haven't a thing to beware of. The Showers of APRIL. Run between the rain drops with a flowering of grapes from green hills round New York State's Lake Keuka. The Flowers of MAY. The city streets are gardens wearing flowers a la cart. Pick a bouquet for your wife.

And another: Great Western Champagne, with a bouquet merry as May. The Brides of JUNE. Why wait for the wedding? Great Western Champagne becalms brides who will be on the scurrying days before. The Bursts of JULY. Skyrockets soar and pop goes the great American champagne. The Goodbyes of AUGUST. Wistful farewells better left unsaid. Tell it to a glass of Great Western Champagne. The Skies of SEPTEMBER. Strip off slipcovers. Color your rooms with chrysanthemums. And under the bluest sky give an afternoon tea with Great Western Champagne. The Thirsts of OCTOBER. A nip in the air and Great Western Champagne in the house. Because it has a thirst for living. And in October or May or December the words to remember are: Great Western Champagne.

Blush. Extra Dry. Special Reserve. And enchanting young Pink.

Great Western wines the world around its little Finger Lake with the dry and the sweet—the still and the sparkling—all the way up to Champagne. 25 great ones gleaned from New York State after 106 years by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, New York.

Doeskin...unspeakably soft...sensual.  
Yet to achieve this extraordinary softness,  
these delicate skins must  
be hand-rubbed with a salt of rare purity.  
Experts trust Sterling, and their know-how.



Homemakers trust pure Sterling, too.  
It's the sterling you use every day.



**INTERNATIONAL SALT COMPANY**  
CLARK SUMMIT, PENNSYLVANIA

JOAN M. HALLORY

## THE LAW

### THE SUPREME COURT

#### Voluntary Prayer?

At milk-and-cookies time each morning, the kindergarten pupils of New York City's P.S. 184 recited a childish grace: "God is great, God is good, and we thank him for our food. Amen." Each afternoon they prayed:

*Thank you for the world so sweet,*

*Thank you for the food we eat,*

*Thank you for the birds that sing—*

*Thank you, God, for everything.*

In 1962, Principal Elihu Oshinsky stopped the prayers in keeping with the Supreme Court's decisions against compulsory religious exercises in public schools. Appalled, 15 parents—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—organized PRAY (Prayer Rights for American Youth) and sued in federal court, claiming that their tots had a constitutional right to "voluntary" school expression of "their love and affection for Almighty God."

Voluntary? Not quite, countered Principal Oshinsky. The teachers taught those five-year-olds to say those prayers, which means, he said, official coercion, however benign. When the case reached the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, it avoided the voluntary question by ruling simply that the First Amendment does not compel a state to let citizens pray in a state-owned facility whenever they wish to do so. Judge Henry J. Friendly told PRAY: "The plaintiffs must content themselves with having their children say these prayers before 9 a.m. and after 3 p.m."

Last week the Supreme Court silently refused to review PRAY's appeal from Judge Friendly's decision. Though it signifies neither approval nor disapproval, the court's action suggests that it has no intention of reconsidering its original prayer decisions—a move for which PRAY's "voluntary" argument might have opened the way. As a result, the only prayers still permissible in U.S. public schools are those that a student says to himself.

### FUGITIVES

#### Monstrous Mackerel

For 32 months, Harlem's Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell has taxed more than 70 judges with his legal evasions of a \$46,500 defamation judgment won by Mrs. Esther James, a widow whom Powell slandered on TV as a "bag woman" for gambling payoffs. Last week acting New York State Supreme Court Justice Maurice Wahl rewarded Powell's "monstrous defiance of the law" by awarding Mrs. James the whopping sum of \$575,000.

A year ago, Mrs. James charged that Powell evaded attachment for the judgment by fraudulently transferring title

to his \$50,000 house in Puerto Rico to his wife's aunt and uncle. Twice, Powell ignored fact-finding trials. Last week, forced to assume that the charge was true, Justice Wahl ordered Powell to pay Mrs. James \$75,000 in compensatory and \$500,000 in punitive damages. Summing up his opinion of Powell, Justice Wahl indignantly paraphrased a famous insult attributed to Virginia's 19th century Senator John Randolph: "He is a man of splendid abilities, but he shines and stinks like rotten mackerel by moonlight."

### CRIMINAL JUSTICE

#### Another Confession Problem:

##### Unjoining the Joint Trial

As if the continuing U.S. confession controversy were not complicated enough, now the custom of joint trials has surfaced to compound the confusion. When a crime involves more than one defendant, most prosecutors aim to try them together; indeed, joint trials have occurred in many of the most famous U.S. criminal cases. But what if one defendant's confession implicates another? Is the use of such evidence so unfair to a man who has not confessed that it must be excluded?

The question arises because of a jewelry-store holdup in Los Angeles, after which the police arrested Henry Martinez and his alleged accomplice, John Aranda. At their joint trial, a policeman testified that Martinez had confessed, implicating Aranda. The judge followed a common practice: he ruled Martinez's confession admissible, but warned the jury not to consider it as evidence against Aranda. Not surprisingly, however, the jury found both men guilty of first-degree robbery.

Acting under its broad new confession doctrine (*People v. Dorado*), the California Supreme Court has voided Martinez's confession on the ground that the police failed to warn him of his rights to silence and to counsel as soon as they had other solid evidence against him—his fingerprints at the scene of the crime. In effect, that reversal also destroyed the case against Aranda—and spurred the court to confront the whole problem of how confessions should be handled in joint trials.

**Brainwiping.** In 1957 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled by a vote of 5 to 4 that federal juries could be trusted to follow judges' instructions and compartmentalize the evidence against codefendants, because otherwise "the jury system does not make sense." But in that decision (*Delli Paoli v. U.S.*), the four dissenters argued, in the words of Justice Felix Frankfurter, that whatever is said in joint trials "cannot be wiped from the brains of the jurors." And this year the court seemed to lean toward the Frankfurter attitude as it struck down a similar kind of mental

gymnastics: the old custom of asking the same jury to determine both the validity of a confession and the confessor's guilt or innocence. Even if the confession proves to have been coerced, how can a jury ignore what it says? In *Jackson v. Denno*, the court ruled that the judge must determine a confession's voluntariness before the jury may hear it (TIME, Jan. 22).

Speaking for the California court in the Martinez-Aranda case, Chief Justice Roger Traynor took his cue from *Jackson* and reversed Aranda's conviction on the ground that a jury cannot "segregate evidence into separate intellectual boxes." In short, said Traynor, if A confesses that he committed criminal acts with B, the jury cannot "effectively ignore the inevitable conclusion



MARTINEZ



ARANDA



TRAYNOR

*Down with mental gymnastics.*

that B has committed those same criminal acts with A." From now on, ruled Traynor, California courts must handle codefendant confessions according to new procedures:

► Confessions are permissible in joint trials if all incriminating references to other defendants are "effectively deleted" from the confession in question. In Aranda's case, it would have sufficed merely to delete his name from Martinez's confession because the confession contained no other clue to his identity.

► When one defendant's confession so completely involves another defendant that "effective" deletion is impossible, the judge may grant a defense motion for separate trials. If the defense motion is not granted, the confession must be excluded at the joint trial.

California's decisive attack on joint trials is sure to alarm those prosecutors for whom the practice has been a standard tactic. But Chief Justice Traynor says that rules similar to California's have already proved workable in Ohio, Illinois and Connecticut. Whether the U.S. Constitution requires them for all states is a question for the U.S. Supreme Court.

## SCIENCE

### SPACE

#### The Moon in Their Grasp

(See Cover)

We are 120 feet apart and sitting. The voice was almost unbelievably calm. But behind every word was an unmistakable note of triumph. From 185 miles above the earth, Air Force Major Thomas Stafford reported that he and his fellow astronauts had just made the first manned rendezvous in space. Moving with exquisite precision across the night sky, the spacecraft Gemini 6 tracked down its partner, Gemini 7. As the two ships edged closer to fly in formation, then circle

off eleven days earlier to spend a full two weeks above the atmosphere had vastly extended the known limits of human endurance.

Now the moon itself seemed nearer and definitely accessible. Man's technical talents had brought a lunar visit down out of the realm of science fiction. The Apollo program, with its planned lunar landing before the decade runs out, no longer seemed a fanciful goal for overambitious scientists. From the scorched launching pads of Cape Kennedy to the lonely tracking ships in the Pacific, Gemini had pumped new life into U.S. space work. And a public grown almost blasé about news of men

soon the capsule itself bobbed into range.

Navy frogmen were already there; a flotation collar was lashed into place and a plugged-in telephone provided close-up communication with the astronauts even before they opened their hatches. TV brought its fans as close as any Wasp crewman when the capsule was finally hoisted on deck, and as his hatch opened, Wally Schirra gave the familiar thumbs-up signal of success. Then, while the band played *Anchors Aweigh*, the two space travelers walked briskly down the red carpet of welcome between lines of cheering sailors and marines.

At week's end, viewers saw a nearly identical telecast as Borman and Lovell—despite bouts of trouble with thrusters and fuel cells—splashed down only 7.6 miles from their planned impact point, winning a bet made with Schirra and Stafford that they would land closest to the target. There was one notable difference. After a 330-hour, 5.7 million-mile journey, the Gemini 7 astronauts were understandably anxious to leave their cramped quarters as soon as possible. Shortly after they opened their hatches, they were hoisted aboard a helicopter and flown to the deck of the Wasp. Though few would have been surprised if Borman and Lovell had found it difficult to unbend and walk, both climbed unaided from the helicopter, chipper and in remarkably good shape.

**No Place to Go.** Return to earth after their demanding ordeal in space was obviously a relief for the travel-jaded astronauts. But for them, as for Schirra and Stafford, the biggest moment had already passed. That was the historic instant when the two space capsules eased into sight of each other. For Gemini 7, it marked the end of a long loneliness; for Gemini 6, it meant the end of a long period of misfortune. Until then, its mission had seemed dogged by failure.

In October, when an Agena rendezvous rocket "backfired" and disintegrated in space, Schirra and Stafford were left sitting in Gemini 6 atop a Titan II on a Cape Kennedy launch pad. They were all dressed up with no place to go. Last week their first attempt to launch was frustrated when a monitoring-cable plug was accidentally jarred loose from the Titan II's tail, causing an automatic shutdown of its engines only two seconds before lift-off. Later investigation disclosed that the engines would have shut down anyway—on either of the first two launching attempts. Workmen had forgotten to remove a thimble-sized plastic dust cap used during the shipment of an engine part. That cap would have prevented lift-off by blocking the rapid buildup of thrust.

Wally Schirra, to be sure, had never succumbed to the growing pessimism. "If we had 999 chances out of 1,000 of having a successful flight," he explained, in a preflight interview for the Nation-



GEMINI 6 TEAM AFTER SPLASH-DOWN  
For the third time, go—and they went.

each other in a stately orbital ballet, Stafford and Command Pilot Wally Schirra joined Gemini 7's Lieut. Colonel Frank Borman and Commander James Lovell at the farthest reach of the fast-expanding age of space.

With their successful mission, the four astronauts leaped over past delays and put the U.S. space program back on schedule. Pure science and practical engineering had cooperated to solve the incredibly complex equations of orbital mathematics. Human skill and human courage had added the vital ingredients that made the computations correct. Now the dream of docking two spacecraft while they whirl through their curving courses promised to be no more of a problem than parking a compact car; rescue of astronauts adrift in space became a definite possibility. A manned orbiting laboratory suddenly seemed more than an imaginative scheme; a space station that can be constructed aloft seemed within man's grasp. And the men of Gemini 7 who had blasted

in orbit waited for the astronauts' return with singular pride.

**While the World Watched.** By the time Gemini 6 began its searing descent through the atmosphere, the entire country was back before its television screens. The anxious watchers had a better view than ever. Cameras on the deck of the aircraft carrier Wasp, waiting in the Atlantic, got a special space-age lift. They relayed their pictures through the Early Bird communications satellite and brought the tense drama of splash-down into millions of homes and offices (it was 10:29 a.m.) with astonishing clarity.

Search planes catapulted off the carrier and helicopters flapped aloft while the world watched. Viewers rode the windy flight deck as the Wasp raced to Gemini 6's landing point just under 14 miles away—the closest a Gemini capsule has yet come to its predicted impact point. Dense smoke from the capsule's marker bomb rolled heavily across the camera's field of view, and



GEMINI 7, FORE AND AFT, WAS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM GEMINI 6 BY ASTRONAUT STAFFORD





FRAME FROM MOVIE FILM SHOT BY WALTER SCHIRRA SHOWS



GOLD-COATED THERMAL BLANKET AT REAR OF GEMINI 7

APRIL 1968



SHREDDED TAPE DANGUING FROM BEHIND. GEMINI 7 FLOATS 185 MILES ABOVE THE PACIFIC

al Broadcasting Company. "no one would want the 1,000th flight. But you don't add up a whole bunch of flights and say we're due for a failure. It's 999 out of 1,000 on each flight."

Schirra's statistics sounded like whistling in the dark. Even the omens were bad. During the aborted launch attempt, a Cape Kennedy rescue helicopter crash-landed in nearby Banana River. Then word was received that NASA's respected director of space medicine, Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace, and his wife were missing on a private plane flight. Search parties later found their bodies beside the plane's wreckage near Aspen, Colo.

**A Delicate Balance.** On the day of the successful rendezvous, however, the fog that had shrouded Cape Kennedy during the night—and the cloud that had hovered over Gemini 6 even longer—suddenly blew away. "For the third time, go," exulted Schirra just before the Titan II left the pad in a launch that was as close to perfect as any in all the Cape's history.

Calculating with split-second exactitude, NASA scientists had determined the proper time of Gemini 6's launch by the position and orbit of Gemini 7. Because the earth rotates on its axis once every 24 hours, while Gemini 7 was circling around it once every 96 minutes, there were only one or two brief periods a day when the launch pad for Gemini 6 was located approximately under Gemini 7's orbit and when the orbiting ship was close by—the proper launch "window" for a rendezvous attempt. For Wednesday, ideal launch time had been calculated at 26 seconds after 8:37 a.m. And in an impressive display of launch-pad precision, Gemini 6 lifted off—on schedule to the second. Rendezvous with Gemini 7 would be possible on the fourth orbit.

A powerful Titan II rocket swiftly shoved Gemini 6 into an elliptical orbit that dipped as close to earth as 100 miles (perigee) and swung as far away as 161 miles (apogee). The average velocity was 17,535 m.p.h., only 8 m.p.h. slower than planned. Even more important, a maneuver of Gemini 6's second-stage launch rocket had placed the capsule in an orbital plane that nearly coincided with Gemini 7's: its path was almost directly below that of Gemini 7, slanting away at an angle of less than one-tenth of 1°.

Some 1,200 miles ahead, Gemini 7 sailed along at 17,290 m.p.h. The strategy of rendezvous, painstakingly plotted by NASA scientists and computers, called for Gemini 6 to catch up by taking advantage of orbital mechanics—the physical laws that govern the motion of orbiting bodies. Those laws state that an orbital path is determined by a delicate balance between gravity, which tries to pull a satellite down, and centrifugal force, which is proportional to the satellite's speed and tends to shove it farther away from the earth. A satellite orbiting close to earth, where the pull of gravity is strong, needs a high velocity

to keep itself aloft. At higher altitudes, where the strength of gravity has decreased, a lower velocity will maintain an orbit. In last week's rendezvous mission, Gemini 6 was inserted into a lower orbit than Gemini 7; thus it was moving at a higher speed and would eventually overtake its target.

During the first three orbits of Gemini 6, Command Pilot Schirra made a number of ground-computed corrective maneuvers. To change his elliptical orbit into a circle that reached up closer to Gemini 7, he made several "posigrade" burns—bursts from his forward-thrusting rockets. At two hours and 18 minutes after launch, for instance, Schirra made a posigrade burn when Gemini 6 reached its second apogee over the Indian Ocean. That thrust helped the change from ellipse to circle by increasing the perigee from 100 to 140 miles above the earth; following the laws of orbital mechanics, though, it also reduced Gemini 6's closing speed on Gemini 7, now only 500 miles ahead. Later, he moved his flight path sideward and edged into the same orbital plane as Gemini 7 by yawing his spacecraft 90°, then firing a brief but finely timed thrust toward the south at right angles to his direction of motion.

**Right Answers, Right Time.** Despite such complexities, the scheduled maneuvers were perfectly calculated by one of the unsung heroes of the mission: an IBM 7094 Mode II computer, one

of five located deep in the bowels of NASA's Mission Control Center near Houston. Primed and primed and ready to go for more than a year, the electronic memory housed in the grey, blue-trimmed cabinets had been taught all the incredible complications of orbital calculations, had learned the long, involved equations worked out by teams of crack mathematicians.

As information about Gemini 6 and Gemini 7 was fed back from NASA's worldwide tracking stations, the computer was ready to deliver, in microseconds, answers that its human tutors would take too long to supply. Its orders constantly changed Gemini 6's flight plan, pumped out new burn times, duration of burn, power of burn, direction of thrust. It was the computer, for example, that noticed the apogee was half a mile low and called for a tiny "tweak" burn at the second perigee. "During the rendezvous," says NASA Flight Director Chris Kraft proudly, "it gave us the right answers at the right time."

Over the Atlantic, during the third orbit of Gemini 6, the radar transmitter in the spacecraft's nose locked onto a transponder on Gemini 7. The transponder returned signals that were translated into position data by a computer aboard Gemini 6, now only 235 miles behind. At about the same time, the two capsules established voice contact. "We are reading you loud and clear,"



BORMAN AT RECOVERY  
Far from the post office.

called Borman. "Good, Frank. See you soon," replied Schirra confidently. "We will be up there shortly."

**Blue Lights.** After Gemini 6 was jockeyed into a nearly circular orbit 170 miles above the earth and only 17 miles below Gemini 7's flight path, Copilot Stafford caught his first glimpse of 7's blue acquisition lights pulsing in the blackness above the South Atlantic. "Spotted Gemini 7 at 12 o'clock high," he reported.

Astronauts Borman and Lovell, who had been flying most of their mission in underwear, were now in their space suits. If the two spacecraft inadvertently bumped, their skins might rupture

range of another tracking ship off Hawaii, Stafford's voice crackled through the air, reporting the 120-ft. rendezvous. That laconic message set off an enthusiastic celebration in the Mission Control room in Houston. Shirtsleeved controllers jumped to their feet, cheered, broke out American flags, and pinned them to their consoles. Chris Kraft, having puffed on his traditional "mission accomplished" cigar, held a glass of champagne aloft and described the rendezvous as "an incredible performance, the biggest milestone since the flight of John Glenn."

**Call a Policeman.** But there was more to come. Firing short blips on his

mediately froze into particles of ice. When Gemini 6 joshed Gemini 7 about the mysterious straps trailing from its adapter, Frank Borman was quick to retort that similar straps were dangling from Gemini 6. The straps turned out to be the remnants of the covers for the shaped explosives that severed the spacecraft from the second stage of the Titan II rockets. The astronauts also noticed that the windows in both craft had been dulled by a kind of space-age smog that probably came from particles released during the firing of thrusters.

Eventually, Gemini 6 maneuvered into a safer orbit that kept the ships between 25 and 48 miles apart while their tired crews slept. Next morning, an hour before he fired retrorockets for Gemini 6's trip back to earth, the irrepressible Schirra solemnly reported sighting an unidentified satellite in a low trajectory in polar orbit. It was trying to contact him, he told Mission Control in Houston. Then, before Chris Kraft & Co. had time to recover, he pulled out a harmonica and played *Jingle Bells*.

**Eyeball Maneuvers.** From the time that Schirra made the final major thrust that moved his ship up toward Gemini 7's circular orbit, Gemini 6 was completely on its own, freed from direct guidance by Houston, largely dependent on its on-board computer, its radar and Command Pilot Schirra's "eyeball" maneuvering. Both Schirra and Stafford literally had their hands full. Schirra's left hand was on the OAMS (Orbital Attitude Maneuvering System) translation stick, which controls Gemini's 85-lb. and 100-lb. thrusters, and is—in NASA parlance—"direction oriented." When he wanted to move forward, he merely moved the stick forward; when he wanted to go into reverse, he pulled the stick back; he moved it right or left for sideward motion. In his right hand, he clasped a notched pistol grip that controlled smaller thrusters used to pitch, yaw or roll the Gemini around one of its own axes—maneuvers that could fix its attitude in space. By working both controls simultaneously, Schirra was able to make his spacecraft respond as smoothly as a trained seal. Stafford, meanwhile, was busy with a circular slide rule and a heavily cross-hatched plotting chart in his lap, checking the on-board computer's data and relaying information to Mission Control.

At short range, where the thrusters are small, there is little time for orbital mechanics to take hold, and Schirra was able to largely ignore their strange effects and allow his pilot's instincts to take over. After blipping his thrusters to edge closer to Gemini 7, he fired short reverse blasts to come to a stop, since there is no friction in space to slow him down. Back and forth, up and down, he maneuvered with a precision that brought expressions of admiration from Borman and from ground control in Houston, which noted that at



STAFFORD & SCHIRRA ABOARD THE "WASP"  
Two hands for a piece of cake.

and the astronauts would need protection against decompression of the cabin. Meanwhile, Schirra made another post-grade burn to lift his ship into a higher orbit that would lead to its meeting with Gemini 7.

As the two capsules groped for each other, Mission Control in Houston monitored their progress through the *Coastal Sentry*, a tracking ship bobbing in the sea off Formosa. "The range is 20,000 feet," reported the *Coastal Sentry*, "18,200... 15,000..."

Then, relayed from Gemini 6, came Astronaut Tom Stafford's barely audible voice: "1.7 [nautical miles], 1.3..." Suddenly there was silence, as the orbiting capsules passed out of radio range of the tracking ship. A short time later, they coasted around the dark side of the earth into brilliant morning sunshine. Astronauts Stafford and Schirra found themselves looking into the windows of Gemini 7, at the bearded faces of Astronauts Frank Borman and James Lovell.

The capsules drew closer as Schirra carefully fired short bursts on his rocket thrusters. As they drifted into radio

thrusters, Schirra moved Gemini 6 to within 10 ft. of Gemini 7 while the astronauts exchanged wisecracks. "There seems to be a lot of traffic up here," said Schirra. "Call a policeman," retorted Borman.

"You've sure got big beards," Schirra radioed to the Gemini 7 crew.

"For once we're in style," said Borman in reply.

While they chatted, Gemini 6 swung in a small orbit around Gemini 7, which was holding its own maneuvering to a minimum to conserve its dwindling fuel supply. For 5½ hours, the spacecraft continued to orbit in formation, their distance apart varying between 20 ft. and 100 ft., while the astronauts took color movies and still pictures in the harsh, eerie sunlight of space. They photographed plumes from the jet thrusters and visually inspected each other's spacecraft.

At one point, Schirra reported sighting "white flakes or bubbles and things" emerging from Gemini 7's adapter section. Gemini 7, it turned out, was purging its fuel cells, releasing water and impurities into space, where they im-

# CONTINENTAL

## GOLDEN JETS

THE AIRLINE WITH THE EXTRAS



### THE EXTRA MAN ON BOARD...

Continental calls him the Director of Passenger Services. He's on every Golden Jet flight for just one reason: to give you something extra in the way of personal service. Need to make connecting or future travel arrangements? Or rent a car? Or reserve a hotel room? Do it in flight. All you have to do is ask for the DPS. One warning, though. Don't ask for him on any other airline. He's another Continental exclusive. And one of the reasons Continental is the airline with the extras. Get something more for your money the next time you fly.

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE PACIFIC TO THE GULF OF MEXICO



Why drink  
a 6 year old  
when you  
can drink  
an 8 year old?

Why drink  
a 4 year old  
Bourbon  
when you  
can drink  
a 6 year old?

## Why not drink 8 year old Kentucky Tavern? It's an old smoothie.

Why not check the age  
of the Bourbon you drink?

Chances are it's only  
4 years old. At the most, 6.  
Why settle for  
anything less than 8 year old  
Kentucky Tavern?

In fact, we think  
8 year old Kentucky Tavern is  
the only Bourbon old enough—  
and smooth enough to drink.



rendezvous he had used less than 50% of the maneuvering propellant he had aboard.

As Schirra had predicted, it was "a piece of cake."

**Calm & Effective.** Perhaps. But there was little doubt last week that much of the credit for the successful rendezvous belonged to casual Wally Schirra, who, at 42, is the oldest astronaut flying. It was his cool and seasoned performance during the abortive Sunday launch of Gemini 6 that made the midweek triumph possible. Had he panicked and pulled the D-ring ("chicken switch") that would have ejected him and Copilot Stafford from the Gemini capsule, the mission could probably not have been sent aloft on time. His superb piloting of the capsule, perfected in long hours of practice in the Houston docking simulator, and his nearly on-target splash-down near the carrier *Wasp* were reminiscent of his first space flight. In 1962 Schirra flew a near-perfect mission in the Mercury capsule Sigma 7, landing only four miles from the recovery carrier in the Pacific.

Son of a World War I fighter pilot and a mother who had been a wing walker in a flying circus, Schirra took to the air naturally. An Annapolis graduate who flew 90 combat missions in Korea, he is a fast mover on the earth, too, in a maroon Maserati.

Schirra's quiet but effective copilot, Tom Stafford, 35, is a topflight aeronautical engineer. His rapid slide-rule calculations supplemented the information supplied by the ship's on-board computer and helped keep the crew and the men in Houston on top of the spacecraft's rapidly changing position. Also an Annapolis man, Stafford decided to make his career in the Air Force, has written two handbooks on flight-testing programs.

**We Made It.** In their less glamorous, but physically more demanding roles aboard Gemini 7, Frank Borman and James Lovell demonstrated a neat combination of endurance, stoicism and humor that was vital to their mission's success. Like Schirra, Borman, 37, was air-oriented from youth, building model airplanes and later selling newspapers to pay for flying lessons. He ranked eighth in his graduating class at West Point before he joined the Air Force. Then an eardrum broken during a practice dive-bombing run made him doubt that he would ever fly again. He was delighted when recovery proved him wrong. Lovell, also 37, has been involved in launches since he was 16 and designed a rocket that rose 80 ft. In a term paper at Annapolis in 1952, he predicted that rockets would finally have their day when man penetrated space. He still builds model missiles for his son, bubbles over with so much nervous energy that fellow astronauts call him "Shaky."

While the four astronauts soared toward their meeting in space, their wives made their own rendezvous at the Staf-

ford home in El Lago, near the space center. There they sipped coffee, listened to announcements, and followed air-to-ground conversations piped into a loudspeaker from Mission Control. "Wheel! We made it!" shouted Susan Borman as she congratulated Faye Stafford, who had nearly jumped off her living-room couch at lift-off and was still jumping up and down an hour later. Marilyn Lovell, expecting her fourth child soon, was also in high spirits. "I'm just stopping by on my way to the hospital," she joked. Jo Schirra tried to take the excitement in stride, sent her two children to school after Gemini 6's blast-off. But the following morning, when Schirra stepped aboard the *Wasp*, Jo Schirra admitted that she had found "every bit" of the mission exciting. The flawless recovery, she said, was "even more than I expected."

**Public Sensors.** Though Gemini 7 Astronauts Borman and Lovell were the only humans in space during most of the 14-day flight, their mission, which was primarily medical, was also very public. Nearly all of their important body functions—from thinking to urinating—

were monitored through sensors attached to their bodies, recorded on instruments in the spacecraft, or relayed to Houston where batteries of doctors pored over telemetered data. Each man was required to bag and date his own solid and liquid wastes, to be turned over to doctors at flight's end. For want of a more descriptive term, Borman and Lovell described their extended mission in the cramped capsule as "two weeks in a men's room."

Alone once more after rendezvous, the Gemini 7 astronauts received a humorous plea from Post Office officials—relayed through Mission Control in Houston—to mail Christmas cards and packages early. "I have a stack of stuff up here," Lovell complained, "but I can't find a post office." Replied a controller: "You should have sent it down with Gemini 6."

As uncomfortable as it was for the pilots, Gemini 7's flight will provide NASA doctors with invaluable information on the effects of prolonged weightlessness. Their findings may well influence the conditioning and medical treatment of Apollo pilots, who will



LOVELL & BORMAN ABOARD THE "WASP"  
After two weeks in a men's room.



SUSAN BORMAN & MARILYN LOVELL

have to spend between eight and 14 weightless days during a successful trip to the moon.

**Getting a Little Crummy.** Last week, by coincidence, Russian scientists reported that two of the three cosmonauts sent aloft on the first Voskhod flight showed symptoms of motion sickness and suffered from illusions. Earlier Cosmonaut Gherman Titov came down with a celebrated case of vertigo on the first day-long Vostok flight. But NASA's chief space-flight surgeon, Charles Berry, believes that insufficient training, rather than still unexplained phenomena, was the cause of the Russian problem. With the exception of Titov, he notes, none of the Russians bothered by weightlessness had received lengthy training or were jet pilots (who learn to ignore the strange inner-ear sensations associated with acceleration and weightlessness).

Of more immediate concern to Berry are what he calls "adaptive changes." During the four-day flight of Gemini 4, for instance, Astronauts Jim McDivitt and Ed White lost as much as 10% of the calcium in their heel bones and little fingers. Both Gordon Cooper and Charles Conrad lost weight and about 13% of their blood volume. They also had reduced red-cell counts after their eight-day flight. But both returned to normal after 72 hours. The condition of Borman and Lovell, who were weary but seemed otherwise healthy after their two-week trip, should reveal if any further and more permanent deterioration occurs during longer flights.

To determine where the lost calcium goes, the NASA doctors will look for traces of calcium in the astronauts' liquid and solid wastes, examine blood and perspiration samples taken immediately after they return to earth. Even the astronauts' underwear will be careful-



JO SCHIRRA  
*Rendezvous in El Lago.*

ly washed in distilled water to collect dried perspiration for later analysis. Lovell will be examined to see if pneumatic cuffs, which were automatically tightened around his thighs for two minutes out of every six, kept his heart from becoming lazy in the weightless environment by forcing it to work harder at pumping blood. His condition will be compared with that of Borman, who was not fitted with the cuffs.

One unavoidable result of prolonged space flight was a foregone conclusion. By the end of Gemini 7's tenth day in flight, Borman admitted to NASA's Dr. Owen Coons: "We're getting to the stage where we're starting to itch a little bit. We're just getting a little crummy."

Uncomfortable as they were, Borman and Lovell found time in between their duties for medicine to make contributions to other sciences. By using a hand-held sextant to sight stars setting on the earth's horizon, they were able to determine their position in space and demonstrate that astronauts can navigate without the aid of a computer. In an experiment for the Defense Department, they tracked the payload of a Minuteman missile, took infra-red measurements of the plasma sheath of ionized air that was created when it plunged back into the atmosphere below them. Another experiment, communication with earth through a laser beam, was only partially successful. After several fruitless attempts, the astronauts spotted the blue-green beam from a laser-transmitting station in Hawaii, aimed their own beam toward it, but were unable to keep it in sight long enough for voice communications.

**High Promise.** Last week's impressive demonstrations of precision launchings and splash-downs, flawless electronic communications and computations, smooth orbital maneuvering and solid endurance, held out high promise for the remaining five flights of the Gemini program. Gemini 8, scheduled for early next year, will attempt to perform the original mission of Gemini 6: docking in space. If the necessary modifications of the buckfiring Agena cannot be made in time, NASA will use a hastily contrived "Augmented Target Docking Adapter." One way or another, Gemini 8 will have a target vehicle.



FAYE STAFFORD

Later Gemini's will fly two-day missions, primarily to practice rendezvous and docking; while on earth orbit, they will simulate the maneuver that will eventually bring Apollo's Lunar Excursion Module (LEM) back to the moon-orbiting command capsule for its return trip to earth. Next year will also see the first flights of unmanned Apollo vehicles, perhaps even a manned orbit of the three-man vehicle.

The ambitious and complex Apollo mission seems less formidable now as a result of the Gemini performance. The 14-day flight of Gemini 7 surpassed the total number of Russian man-hours in space, but more important, it equaled the longest scheduled duration of a successful Apollo round trip to the moon. And it apparently proved that man can survive such long periods of weightlessness without permanent ill effects.

Wally Schirra's seemingly effortless piloting of Gemini 6 made the intricate Apollo space navigation seem more feasible. On the way to the moon, for example, the LEM will have to be detached from the back of the command and service modules, then reattached in front. When the Apollo is finally in orbit around the moon, two of its three crewmen will climb into the LEM and head for the moon's surface. After from four to 34 hours of exploration, they will blast off and rendezvous with the orbiting Apollo for the return trip to earth, using much the same techniques employed so successfully by Gemini 6 and its partner Gemini 7.

**Spirit of 76.** NASA's timetable calls for the first U.S. astronauts to explore the moon within four years, a goal that has always seemed unduly optimistic—by almost any standards. But Gemini's "Spirit of 76" mission last week dispelled most doubts. It brought the elusive moon into reach, and gave U.S. astronauts good reason to start planning still more ambitious voyages, as hostile space began to show the first small signs of hospitality.

## SPORT

### COLLEGE BASKETBALL

#### Doctor of Ferocity

It is getting harder and harder for St. Joseph's College of Philadelphia to maintain its position as the most under-rated basketball school in the U.S. Not that St. Joe's doesn't try. A small (enrollment: 1,719) Jesuit liberal arts college, it conducts no high-powered recruiting campaign, schedules no gut courses for athletes, and employs a lecturer in education as head coach. Considering also that all but one of the players on the St. Joe's varsity come from Pennsylvania, and that the average height of the squad is a mere 6 ft. 3 in., the Hawks of St. Joe's would figure to be more like pigeons—except that they almost always win.

Last season, counting a 17-game South American tour on behalf of the State Department, St. Joe's won 42 out of 46 games, wound up No. 3 in the nation, last week, after six games of the 1965-66 season, the Hawks were up to No. 2—and even that seemed like an insult, looking at the records of their rivals, U.C.I.A., picked by most experts to win its third straight N.C.A.A. championship, dropped two games in a row to Duke, Duke thereby jumped all the way from No. 6 to No. 1, despite a loss to unranked South Carolina. Michigan lost 100-94 to Wichita State but still held the No. 3 spot. By contrast, St. Joseph's highlyly Hawks were not only still undefeated, they had not come within 17 points of losing. In two games last week, they clobbered Albright, 85-54, and Michigan State, 82-65.

**Cymbals & Tears.** "Ferocity," according to Coach Jack Ramsay, is the key to St. Joe's game—and opponents who have experienced the dubious pleasure

of playing the Hawks in the cacophonous confines of Philadelphia's Palestra, know just what he means. The screaming starts at the opening whistle, and it does not stop until the final buzzer—even for foul shots. A masked, feathered mascot dances about the sidelines while cymbals clash, and the cheering section roars: "The Hawk will never die!" An Ed. D. who is always called "Doctor" by his players, Ramsay is a pretty ferocious fellow himself—wringing towels, bouncing up and down on the bench, shouting hoarse-voiced encouragement to his Hawks. "He's so intense that it's almost impossible to speak to him for ten or fifteen minutes after a game," says a St. Joseph's administrator. "He gets 'em up so far that after we won one game a couple of our subs were in the dressing room crying, and they hadn't even been in the game."

Ramsay's charges do isometric and isotonic exercises to increase their leaping ability (Center Cliff Anderson is only 6 ft. 4 in., but he can jump to a height of 12 ft., has averaged 14 rebounds a game so far this year). And they compensate for their lack of height with a go-go game designed to rattle bigger, slower opponents. On defense, St. Joe's favorite tactic is the "zone press"—a full-court, blanket defense described by one opposition player as "like running into a windmill." The idea, says Ramsay, "is to stop the man who is advancing the ball on the dribble and cut off the passing outlets."

**A Method.** On offense, St. Joe's relies mainly on a pro-style fast break, with Guard Matt Guokas acting as "the quarterback"—taking the ball up the center of the court and passing off to one of his two forwards for the shot. Guokas, says Coach Dolph Schayes of the pro Philadelphia Warriors, "could play for me right now." Ramsay's only complaint is that Matt, who is the best shot as well as the best playmaker on the team, is inclined to pass off too often. There's a method. So far this season, Guokas has taken 43 shots at the basket, has scored with 30 of them—giving him the fourth best field-goal percentage in the nation.

### TRACK & FIELD

#### The Sophisticate & the Natural

Scandinavians just naturally throw a javelin farther than anybody else. Americans traditionally make the best shotputters, and the high jump has been a Russian specialty ever since Valery Brumel appeared on the scene. Milers come from everywhere. The last four world record holders, in order, have been a Yorkshireman, an Australian, a New Zealander and a Frenchman—and last week France's Michel Jazy found himself confronted with two new challengers who could hardly be more dissimilar. In Wanganui, New Zealand,



KEINO LEADING MAY  
Twice was too much.

East Germany's Jurgen May beat Kenya's Kipchoge Keino by a bare .3 sec. in the second fastest mile ever run: 3 min. 53.8 sec., just .2 sec. off the still unrecognized record that Jazy set last June.

Neither May nor Keino is exactly a parvenu—except to the mile. A sturdy 23-year-old whose father was killed fighting with the Wehrmacht in World War II, May holds the world mark for 1,000 meters. He earns his living as a sports reporter for an East German daily newspaper, gets all the time off (with pay) he needs to compete abroad and pursue a carefully supervised regimen that requires him to run 50 mi. a week in practice. Keino, the world record holder at 3,000 and 5,000 meters, is a skinnier (5 ft. 9 in., 145 lbs.) Kiganjo policeman and a purely natural athlete who has had practically no formal instruction. "I have not been coached or trained by anyone since my first appearance on a track," he says, and shows it. He runs with a peculiarly formal, pistonlike gait, rolls his head while he is running (a trait that, experts say, impairs his balance), likes to take the lead at the start of each race and try to hold it all the way.

May, of course, is more sophisticated. At Wanganui, his strategy was to let Keino tire while setting the pace, save his own strength for a final kick to the tape. He did precisely the same thing in a rematch last week at Auckland: dogging Keino's footsteps for most of the race, he turned it on in the last 20 yds. to win by 3 ft. in 3 min. 54.1 sec.—tying the listed world record held by New Zealand's own Peter Snell. Twice was too much for Keino. "I am going back to Kenya and learn how to sprint the last lap," he said. "Just wait—I am going to get that record." Snell, who was a spectator at the contest, thought otherwise. One day, he predicted, East Germany's May is going to run a 3-min. 50-sec. mile.



RAMSAY WITH TEAM  
Two is an insult.

# ART

## MONUMENTS

### The Royal Peculiar

The 18th century English essayist Joseph Addison called it a "great magazine of mortality." For the British people, London's Westminster Abbey is also a monument of national immortality. Next week its bells will ring out to celebrate its 900th birthday. Built by Edward the Confessor on a filled-in island of thorn in the Thames River, it has over the centuries become a pantheon, the sacred environs where an enlightened empire crowns its kings and queens, and where common folk can pray. With its crowded multitude of funeral statuary, the Abbey is a kind of spiritual attic containing mementos of whatever is forever England.

A relic of the monasteries that Henry VIII abolished in 1540, the Abbey is now called the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster. Serving also as a school, the Abbey has an adjacent cloister, a museum and a deanery. From its schoolchildren—including Dryden, Milne, John Gielgud and Peter Ustinov—have come seven Prime Ministers, ten archbishops and at least four convicted murderers.

**Balconies for Viewing.** Most of all, Westminster Abbey has taught more than 30 generations what England is. Now, at a cost of \$1,120,000 and ten years' labor, the Perpendicular Gothic pillars and spires stand renewed, the vaults and tombs are freshly polychromed (see color pages). The Abbey is actually under the jurisdiction of the Crown, that is, the English people, rather than under the sole rule of the church.

When Elizabeth II comes next week to her "Royal Peculiar," she will come for the plain song and preaching more as just another communicant than as head of church and state.

As a church, Westminster Abbey has its macabre shadows. Legend holds that the skins of marauding Danes were tacked to its ancient doors. Although nobody has been murdered within, Richard II once struck down the Earl of Salisbury during a funeral service for Richard's first wife. So in love with her was he that every noble in the land was ordered to attend. When the earl stooped from fatigue, the King bludgeoned him to the floor. As a work of architecture, the church boasts a 103-ft.-tall nave that is the loftiest example of Gothic architecture in Great Britain. More French by inspiration than any other English Gothic church, the Abbey has one feature that is missing in France's cathedrals—a wide viewing-gallery atop its first level. One reason: the Abbey is a royal church; extra room for viewing of royal ceremonies has always been at a premium.

**Undertakers' Upholstery.** As a pantheon, the Abbey is an incredible clutter. After a shrine was built to honor Edward the Confessor in the Abbey, British nobility rushed to be buried there. As a result, visitors today bump into tombs at every turn. William Morris called the funeral sculptures (see *overleaf*) "pieces of undertakers' upholstery." Ruskin labeled them "ignoble, incoherent fillings of the aisles."

Charles Dickens sniped at such obsequies when he wrote of "the full-length engraving of the sublime Snigworth,

snorting at a Corinthian column, with an enormous roll of paper at his feet, and a heavy curtain going to tumble down on his head; those accessories being understood to represent the noble lord in the act of saving his country." Dickens himself lies in circumstances of the kind that he once mocked.

"Victory or Westminster Abbey!" cried Admiral Nelson at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797. He knew that in the monumental heap of well-chiseled stone and marble lay the heroes of his nation. An Unknown Soldier from World War I lies beneath the Abbey's roof. In the rear of Henry VII's centuries-old chapel glows a brilliant, stained-glass window reflecting the Royal Air Force's stand during the Battle of Britain. But to the enduring honor of England, more than military pomp and glory is recognized. The Abbey is also a national grave for the composer Purcell, the scientists Newton, Darwin and Kelvin. In Poets' Corner lie a score more than Keats, Tennyson and Browning. There is even a modern Epstein bust of Blake.

On occasions when the Abbey is not crowded, it is a tranquil haven. At other times, it is an album of remembrance littered with memorabilia in stone, a storehouse of history. The historian Macaulay called the Abbey a "temple of silence and reconciliation where the enemies of a thousand years lie buried." It is Valhalla, Arlington Cemetery, the tombs on Red Square, a combination of Paris' Pantheon and the Montparnasse Cemetery. After nine centuries, it remains a silent place full of lost hope and renewed energy.

### The Empty Room

In the present age, monument building seems to have fallen on sterile times. A case in point is the latest John F. Kennedy memorial, this one to be raised by a Dallas citizens' committee three blocks from where the President was gunned down. To design it, Dallas called in Manhattan Architect Philip Johnson, 59, co-designer, with Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, of Park Avenue's Seagram Building.

"Simple, modest and dignified—those were the words I had to go on," Johnson said. His scheme, after six months of study, was indeed simplicity itself. On a one-acre lot still to be cleared, he proposed erecting an open box with narrow openings at either end, "like a pair of magnets about to clasp together but held apart by some powerful force." Material for the 50-ft.-sq., 30-ft.-high sanctuary will be unadorned concrete—"the material of our age."

Johnson was full of explanations to the effect that the enclosing structure symbolized the "magnetism" of Kennedy. The boxlike effect means, says the architect, that: "You can't see Dallas. You can't see anything but the sky. You are forced into an attitude of reverence." But most people, seeing the model, just thought it was terribly square.



MODEL OF KENNEDY CENOTAPH IN DALLAS  
Simplicity—and sterility.



*Westminster Abbey: English stained and vaulted shines  
 often in Gothic splendor. Within this shrine to God  
 and country rest kings and heroes, the Unknown Soldier  
 (foreground), obscure poets, and the remnant of noble poets.*



*Original polychrome was restored to tomb of James I's daughter Sophia, who died in 1606 at the age of three days.*

*Praying couple in Elizabethan dress keep vigil in a side chapel before the tomb of the nobly red-robed Winifred, Marchioness of Winchester, who died in 1586.*



*Bright apse holds tombs of British nobility, including a baby, marked by black pyramid (lower left), who in 1688 was "by his mrs. unfortunately overlaid"*



*Gilded bronze effigies are of Richard II and his Queen, Anne of Bohemia whose marriage in 1382 took place in the Abbey.*



*Gothic grandeur frames the tomb of Stuart favorite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who*

*was assassinated in 1628 by a Puritan fanatic. Tall black obelisks form a four-poster deathbed.*





*Beneath the pomp of noble banners lies tomb of Henry VII.  
Gilded angels are reproductions of 16th century figures.  
Above are extravagant examples of late-Gothic fan vaulting.*

## RELIGION

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### A Question of Freedom

The Roman Catholic clergy has certain military parallels. A priest, having taken the vow of obedience, can be moved from place to place at his superior's will. For many, such shifting around means only a creative variety of duty. But for others, just as for some soldiers, transfer implies punishment, or at least temporary removal of an inconvenience. Giving no reasons, bishops or religious superiors can move a priest or fire a professor who has done nothing more than exercise what others would call his constitutional right of free speech.

That is what has happened to the Rev. Daniel Berrigan, a Jesuit priest, who helped organize an interdenominational protest committee called "Clergy Concerned about Viet Nam." Last month Berrigan's superiors ordered him to quit the committee and sent him off on a ten-week tour of Latin America. The Jesuits insist that the assignment was "routine." Berrigan's friends believe that his exile was forced upon the Jesuits by the Most Rev. John Maguire, who was acting head of the New York Archdiocese while Francis Cardinal Spellman was in Rome for the Vatican Council. Archdiocesan officials say that they were "not involved with the reassignment." Berrigan, now staying in Cuernavaca, Mexico, says that he is delighted with the chance to visit Latin America, but that his trip "was arranged mainly to remove me from the movement of protest against the war in Viet Nam."

**Preaching & Picketing.** Berrigan, who was born in Two Harbors, Minn., and raised in Syracuse, has a considerable reputation as a skillful lyric poet. He taught English and Latin at Brooklyn Prep and theology at the Jesuits' Le Moyne College in Syracuse, where one of his students in 1963 was David Miller, the arrested draft-card burner. Since 1964 he has been an associate editor of *Jesuit Missions* magazine, a pleasant job that gives him plenty of time to travel and write.

Within the society, Berrigan has always been considered something of a radical. He has preached and picketed on behalf of civil rights. Earlier this year his Jesuit superiors reprimanded him for reciting more of the Mass in English than the council's liturgical reforms currently permit. A pacifist, he is a sponsor of the Catholic Peace Fellowship. Last October he joined Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel, the leading theologian of Conservative Judaism, and Lutheran Pastor Richard John Neuhaus of Brooklyn, as a co-chairman of Clergy Concerned, whose aim is to question the morality of U.S. action in the Viet Nam war. He is not alone in suffering curbs from the head of the Jesuits' New York Province. Two other members of the society—

Fathers Francis Keating and Daniel Kilfoyle of St. Peter's College in Jersey City—were told to quit Clergy Concerned. Josephite Father Philip Berrigan, Daniel's younger brother, was shifted from the faculty of his society's seminary in Newburgh, N.Y., to a largely Negro parish in Baltimore for speaking out against the war.

"St. Paul Was a Rebel." Nor is Viet Nam the only issue that can bring churchly censure down on a priest. Last summer Archbishop Thomas Toolen of Mobile-Birmingham ordered the Edmundite Fathers to transfer Father Maurice Ouellet from a Negro parish in

EDMUND B. LEE



FATHER BERRIGAN

*Should canon law outweigh civil rights?*

Selma because he had let his rectory serve as a headquarters for the Selma marchers. At the request of Albany's Bishop William Scully, the Franciscans ordered Father Bonaventure O'Brien of St. Bernardine of Siena College to curtail his civil rights work. And last week the Very Rev. Joseph T. Cahill, president of St. John's University on Long Island, fired 28 faculty members, including three priests, for protesting the school's policy on academic freedom, tenure and curriculum policy. Ten of the ousted teachers had publicly expressed their sympathy for Berrigan. "Neither the reasons for the action nor the identities of the persons involved will be discussed publicly," said Cahill.

Before the Vatican Council, bishops could have censured an outspoken priest

without hearing a word of public complaint. But shortly after Berrigan's departure, a group of students from Fordham picketed New York's chancery headquarters on Madison Avenue, bearing signs that read "Honesty in the Church" and "St. Paul Was a Rebel." More than 1,000 Catholics—including a number of nuns and Jesuit priests—signed an "open letter" to the chancery and to Berrigan's superiors that appeared as an advertisement in the New York Times. The co-signers did not impugn the motives of those responsible for Berrigan's removal, nor did they necessarily agree with his pacifist views. But, they said, as a symbolic affirmation of freedom, Berrigan should be allowed to return to his work in New York.

**Is the Message Credible?** For Protestantism, this is an era of unfettered clerics. Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike could not astonish anyone now, no matter what he says, and Baptist Minister Martin Luther King has inspired many clergymen to think that their natural habitat is the civil rights demonstration. But there is no comparable liberty within Catholicism. Thus the Berrigan case raises the question, unanswered by the Vatican Council, of the limits of clerical obedience, and the deeper issue once posed by Swiss Theologian Hans Küng: "How is the church's message of freedom to be regarded as credible by men if she herself does not show herself as a place of freedom?" No Catholic questions that authority is essential in the church, or that bishops and superiors have the right to expect obedience from their priests—and from laymen as well. But many also feel that canon law and the vow of obedience give superiors too much control over their subjects on nonspiritual matters that could and should be left to the individual priest, provided his actions do not embarrass or compromise the church, or violate moral teaching. Says Dr. Eugene Fontinell, a philosophy teacher at Queens College and co-founder of the committee that drew up the letter: "The question is: How do you maintain a healthy balance between freedom and authority? There have been many brilliant theoretical statements made about freedom, but this must be built into the life of the church."

The fact that many priests felt free to sign the Berrigan letter is evidence that some liberty already exists. In Rome, a pontifical commission is at work revising the church's code of canon law, and will almost certainly loosen some of the restrictive bonds that superiors can impose on clerics under them. A number of prelates already recognize that their clerics are citizens too, and should have the right to support a cause when conscience dictates. Chicago's new archbishop, the Most Rev. John Cody, has publicly declared that "priests are citizens of this country and have a right to participate in things they feel will help the public or certain segments of the public."

\* One of them is Monsignor John J. Clancy, secretary to Paul VI at the time when they both worked in the Vatican Secretariat of State, and author of a biography of the Pope.

## SHOW BUSINESS



CHRISTIE, SHARIF & CHAPLIN  
Go and catch a rising star.

### MOVIES

#### Oscar Bound

Why is Brigitte Bardot "petrified with fear?" And why is B.B. making her first U.S. visit with a score of wigs (so she will pass unnoticed) and 50 dresses (so she will be noticed)? Because *Viva Maria!* is premiering. Why has *Thunderball's* Director Terrence Young dropped in on New York from London? Because *Thunderball* is premiering (see CINE-MA). And why is British Actress Julie Christie reducing photographers to awed silence as she peels down to her slip? Because *Doctor Zhivago* is premiering, along with a dozen other big films this month.

The reason behind all these reasons is simple: the regulations of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences state that a picture, in order to qualify for an Oscar, must play "in Los Angeles for a consecutive run of not less than a week after an opening prior to midnight of Dec. 31." Of all this year's pictures that have come down to the deadline, none carry a heavier freight of talent and hopes than Director David Lean's \$11 million version of Boris Pasternak's distinguished bestseller, *Doctor Zhivago*, and none squeezed the deadline harder. Perfectionist Lean, 57, is overseeing the final cuts, the musical score and dubbing until the last hours before its press preview, which is the day before the official Manhattan premiere this week.

Don't Rot. "I haven't read the script, but I hear they've made it into a soap opera," snorts Producer Sam Spiegel, who crossed swords often enough with David Lean while filming *Lawrence of Arabia*. "I'm of Russian extraction," says Producer-Screenwriter Anatole de Gruenwald, "and I came to *Zhivago* wanting to dislike it and was sure I

would. But I think it is the best script I ever read—almost Tolstoyan." Those few who have been allowed inside Lean's wall-to-wall-carpeted cutting room on M-G-M's Culver City lot where Lean began his ordeal two months ago have seen only unfinished footage. But they are convinced that Lean has matched the intensity of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, combined it with the sweep of *Lawrence of Arabia*, and in Julie Christie has caught a rising star and catapulted her into astro-orbit. If true, then Lean, who garnered seven Oscars for each of his past two films, including in both cases "best film" and "best director," is likely to collect as many more again for *Zhivago*.

But is Lean's *Zhivago* Boris Pasternak's? The answer is neither yes nor no, but something like. From the moment Lean read the novel on shipboard and found himself gulping with tears, he knew he was committed. "I don't see how it is to be done," he declared. "But we must do it." For the screenplay, he called in British Playwright Robert Bolt (*Man for All Seasons*), who had salvaged the *Lawrence* script. "All I could see," says Bolt, "were the difficulties." His solution was to compress, invent, and try desperately to avoid "trating on Pasternak."

**Staggering Honesty.** To encompass the whole, Bolt calculated, would take a film that lasted about 45 hours. Then, too, *Zhivago*, in the book is more a passive observer, a spokesman for Pasternak's own vision and soaring humanism than a Hotspur to action. In portraying an age of revolution, the novelist relied heavily on coincidence for his plot, skipped on motivation in his characters. For film purposes, Bolt had to cope with the fact that Pasternak "jumps absolutely obligatory material." There is, for instance, not a single kiss between Zhivago and his mistress Lara in the novel, and the reader is never told how their monumental affair was consummated. "It simply took place between chapters," says Bolt.

It was the character of Lara, whom Pasternak modeled in part on his own mistress and charged "with all the fem-

inity in the world," who fascinated Lean with her "staggering honesty and devotion." And with that, the decision was made. "The Russian Revolution itself was a towering historical event," Lean has since stated. "However, this is not the story of the Revolution. The drama, the horror and the turbulence of the Revolution simply provide the canvas against which is told a moving and highly personal love story."

**Ultimatum to Succeed.** To make his settings authentic, Lean in the past has labored in the jungles of Ceylon and ice-cooled film in the 130° heat of the Jordanian desert. For *Zhivago*, Lean was invited to Russia, but he never went: "I knew they would only try to talk me out of making the film." After all, the book is still banned by the Soviets. Instead, he set out on a 10,000-mile trek in his Rolls-Royce with Production Designer John Box, traveling all the way to the border of Finland and the U.S.S.R. They were on the lookout for extras, equipment, and what Box calls "exefuh"—vast stretches of snowy forest for Pasternak's partisan bands, Siberia-like wastelands, and steppe-like fields of waving grain. For the main set, they settled on Spain.

With his canvas in mind, Lean next began to people it. Producer Carlo Ponti, who had bought the screen rights, says that preliminary talk about including his wife Sophia Loren in the cast went by the boards because Lean "wanted an author's, not a star's, film." Lean did buy Ponti's suggestion that they try an unknown, Geraldine Chaplin, now 21, as Zhivago's wife Tonya. Given an ultimatum by her father Charlie Chaplin, "Either you succeed in three pictures or you renounce," Geraldine, with her fresh, almost innocent portrayal, may well have succeeded in *Zhivago*.

For the key role of Zhivago, Lean first thought of his *Lawrence*, Peter O'Toole, then, to add "a certain foreignness," he decided on Egyptian-born Omar Sharif (whose hair was thatched over and his eyes slightly pulled back to give him a vaguely Tartar gaze). For subsidiary roles, Lean picked two knights, Sir Alec Guinness as Zhivago's

TRAIN CROSSING FINLAND IN "ZHIVAGO"



brother (making Guinness' fifth picture with Lean, beginning with *Great Expectations*) and Sir Ralph Richardson, who plays Tonya's father, with Siobhan McKenna as Tonya's mother. To add further strength to the cast, Lean tapped Rita Tushingham (*The Girl with Green Eyes*), Tom Courtenay (*King Rat*), and, for the role of Lara's calculating seducer Komarovskiy, the film's only American actor, Rod Steiger.

**Bowled Over.** Lara, in Pasternak's phrase, was "unequaled in spiritual beauty—martyred, stubborn, extravagant, crazy, irresponsible, adored." Besides, during the film she must range in age from 17 to 40. When Lean tested Julie Christie, 24, for Lara, he had seen her only in *Billy Liar*—in which by simply walking wordlessly down a street she made cinema history. Asked to fly to Madrid for a screen test, Julie figured, "They must be off their nuts," went mainly for the free holiday.

And then she met Lean. "He bowled me over with his force," says Julie. "He made me feel he wanted something, and I would give it to him." Says Lean: "You watch her, wondering which way this cat's going to jump. She doesn't disclose everything. The difference between good actors and big stars is that good actors disclose everything; big stars are mysterious."

When the cast assembled outside Madrid one year ago on Dec. 28, they found almost ten acres of reproductions of Moscow streets and buildings, and three hours north, on the Spanish plains near Soria, were Zhivago's Ural settings. M-G-M, which financed the film, had all but given Lean a blank check. As a result, costume details, down to wool petticoats, were authentic and logistics were superb. Marvelled Sir Ralph Richardson, "This is what it must have been like traveling with Napoleon."

**Hot Winter.** Rita Tushingham, who plays Lara's and Zhivago's love child, found working on the set "terribly intense." Tom Courtenay grimly recalls being asked to pose as Strelnikov on the platform of the armored train: "No dialogue. No expression. But that bloody scene took two days to shoot." Geraldine Chaplin's most vivid memory is walking in the hot Spanish sun while wearing black wool stockings, boots,

three sweaters and a fur jacket: "I was so soaking wet, I felt I was leaving big soggy footprints."

"There were times when I felt like killing David," Julie Christie confesses. But she also admits that, as an actress disciplined in underplaying roles, she was taught to soar by Lean. "David would say to me, 'None of that timid sort of stuff.' So I let myself go. I went over the top. It was exciting."

Lean's feeling was that nothing could defeat him but an inability to match Bolt's script and measure up somehow to the looming background figure of Pasternak. For although Bolt and Lean had simplified the novel to bring the love story into bright focus, Lean still had to cope with the evocation of revolutionary Russia and the land itself. "I don't think this is so much a novel," says Bolt, "as an enormous disguised poem."

**Frozen Instant.** To evoke Pasternak's poetic imagery, Lean led a camera unit almost to the Arctic Circle, hired Lapland nomads to portray Siberian refugees. To record the long train trip from Moscow to the Urals that is the central odyssey of the novel, Lean went into below-zero temperatures in the northern Finnish lumber town of Joensuu, photographed the "refugees" trekking across Lake Pyhaselka, over which, during the 1940 Russian invasion of Finland, the Soviets had actually laid a winter railway.

Lean got what he went for, including the most tantalizing shot in the script. It calls for a frosted pane of glass, through which Zhivago is gazing, to dissolve into a field vibrant with daffodils. Lean found the perfect pane in a ski shack, hauled it into the open for the cameras. Then back the camera crew went to Spain, where 4,000 potted daffodils were put in place to complete the scene. On film, the sequence takes only an instant to show the change of seasons, but for Lean the effect is essential.

**Sound of Snow.** When the shooting in Madrid finally ended last Oct. 9, Sharif reports, "The cast wept." Even Lean, reliving the last scene, said, "I don't want it to end." In fact, for Lean it was really only beginning. Back he flew to Hollywood with 31 hours' worth of color footage to be cut down to the final 3 hrs. 17 mins. To Lean, who made his



LEAN DIRECTING TROOPS ON LOCATION  
At times they wanted to kill him.

reputation in the mid-'30s as a film editor, cutting is the ultimate art and his all-engrossing love. He moved into the stucco cottage on Metro's Culver City lot, formerly a schoolhouse for Child Stars Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Liz Taylor, and began the ordeal that for the past ten weeks has kept him in the cutting room until 2, 3 and, over last weekend, until 6 a.m.

Repeatedly he has trudged to the nearby sound studio. There French Composer Maurice Jarre, an Oscar-winner for his *Lawrence* background music, was conducting his 104-man symphony orchestra to synchronize with the Zhivago images flickering on the big overhead screen. In Metro's screening theater, Lean has slumped, listening to the mix of 20 different soundtracks being blended into the four final ones, occasionally growling criticisms, such as "There's no sound of it snowing" or "That baby's crying is too loud." Not until noon this Monday, when he falls aboard the plane for the New York premiere, will the film be finished.

How good will it be? "Having been so close to it, I have no idea," Lean confesses, "I'll know whether I like it the first time I see it with an audience. It doesn't have to be more than two people, and they don't have to open their mouths. I can just sense it." Moviegoers have already sensed that Zhivago will be good: advance sales now stand at \$250,000. But just "good" will not be good enough for Lean. From the moment the film opens with its eerie long shot of a massive curved dam, along which a girl is seen approaching from a great distance, Lean's passion has been directed at sweeping up the spectator and holding him with an intensity and involvement that in cinematic form rivals Boris Pasternak's novel. For Lean, nothing less will do.

#### SIBERIAN EQUIVALENTS FOR AN ODYSSEY



# CINEMA

## Supra-Spy

The Spy Who Came In from the Cold. More than 5,000,000 readers have been hooked and held by pseudonymous Author John le Carré's downbeat spy thriller, which scores espionage as a grubby, ulcer-making career at best. The movie version is a masterpiece in a minor key. Avoiding formula excitement, Producer-Director Martin Ritt (*Hud*) achieves something far superior—a climate of still, absolute insecurity that conveys menace mainly through undertones. And Richard Burton, playing the chief pawn in an involuted cold-war plot, will be measured from now on against his full, corrosive performance here. To have read le Carré can only heighten one's relish of Burton's collision with the

uring the assessment against every subsequent pause and gesture. Through ever-changing shades of perfidy on both sides of the Wall, the drama inches toward its bitter climax, made more agonizing by Ritt's detachment. He simply records an event and lets the shock wave follow.

To give Burton sturdy opposition, Oskar Werner, as Mundt's itchy second-in-command, makes that "clever little Jew" a prismatic study of ambition thwarted. Claire Bloom, though too prettily cast as the leftist English librarian who befriends Leamas, nonetheless plays innocence abroad with life-or-death urgency. In *Spy's* superblend of suspense and philosophical despair, the girl is the last to know that her lover was already a cold-war casualty when

she met him. The anonymous men who live by violence, Leamas tells her savagely, "are a bunch of seedy squalid bastards, henpecked husbands, sadists, queers, drunkards," themselves among the saddest victims of the causes they defend.

## Subaqueous Spy

Thunderball spreads a treasury of wish-fulfilling fantasy over a nickel's worth of plot. The fantasy is the familiar amalgam of wholesale sex, comic-strip heroism, bogus glamour and James Bond (Sean Connery). The plot concerns Bond's new nemesis, Largo. As No. 2 man of Spectre, Largo masterminds a daring bombnap. He hijacks a Vulcan bomber aloft on a NATO training flight, sinks its atomic payload in the Atlantic near Nassau. Then, for an asking price of £100 million, he promises not to obliterate Miami or a city of equal size.

Though *From Russia with Love* remains the liveliest Bond opera to date, Thunderball is by all odds the most spectacular. Its script hasn't a morsel of genuine wit, but Bond fans, who are preconditioned to roll in the aisles when their hero merely asks a waiter to bring some heluga caviar and Dom Pérignon '55, will probably never notice. They are switched on by a legend that plays straight to the senses, and its colors are primary. Director Terence Young dunks his camera into a swimming pool full of sharks for the film's best single shot, a fisheye view from below, filtered through a victim's blood. In one donnybrook following a funeral, Bond slugs it out with the widow—actually a male adversary—and lifts himself up, up and away by backpack jet. Still more dazzling is a climactic, blue-green underwater battle between Largo's men, wearing black rubber wet suits, and the brave lads from Our Side, parachuting in the fray in flag red.

Bond's dry-land conquests were some-

what zingier type... in *Goldfinger*, but in *Thunderball* he manages a change of pace by joining Largo's seaworthy French playmate (Claudine Auger) for an amorous exploit down among the corals. "I hope we didn't frighten the fish," he quips afterward, wading ashore. Alas, even subaqueous sex cannot keep the formula entirely fresh. Yet, if *Thunderball's* gimmickry seems to overreach at times, Actor Connery gains assurance from film to film, by now delivers all his soppiest Jimeracks martini-dry. He is hilariously astringent when he drops a limp dancing partner at a nightclubber's ringside table, saying: "D'you mind if my friend sits this one out? She's just dead." And indeed she is.

## 36-23-45

The 10th Victim. "This year, killing women is the in thing to do," somebody tells Marcello Mastroianni. In or not, killing a woman appears to be Marcello's only out, for Huntress Ursula Andress intends to lure him to the Temple of Venus in Rome and shoot him dead on live television for a Ming Tea commercial.

Strains the old credibility, eh? Not in the 21st century, when *Victim* takes place. War has been abolished, but violence remains in fashion. As an outlet for hostility, sporting citizens get licenses to kill. Lucky Ursula has already dispatched her ninth victim by gunning him down with her much advertised double-barreled bra. When Marcello's number pops up in her card file, this perverse, colorful venture into sex and sadism tips its entire plot. The rest unreels like a series of frenetic Happenings.

Director Elio Petri, in an interview, has summed up the significance of *Victim* in a word: "Nothing." He expresses his non-idea very modestly, however, and occasionally a bit of Something sneaks through between falling bodies. The settings are an agreeable mish-mash of op art and futuristic architecture. And Mastroianni, playing a poor collector of such comic-book classics as *Flash Gordon* and *Mighty Mouse*, has the hemused manner of a fellow who will follow civilization just about anywhere that it cares to go—from sunset worship to sexual fetishism (state-approved). But he balks at turning his parents over to the old folks' Collection Center. "We hide them," he admits. "Sometimes we dress them up as teenagers." Ursula conceals exquisite bones under sufficient body to qualify as one of moviedom's most breathtaking divinities. To be an actress as well would be redundant.

Made even halfway believable instead of just faddishly sick, *Victim* might have avoided drawing a blank, for behind all the razzle-dazzle lurks a valid satirical notion. The film's bang-bang beginning ends as a bust because voyeurism remains a vice, not a point of view. A movie that laughs at violence and wallows in it at the same time may well be adjudged an effort to market the stuff in its original form.



RICHARD BURTON AS LEAMAS  
Defection to perfection.

prickly dialogue supplied by Scenarists Guy Trosper and Paul Dehn.

As the British intelligence hack Leamas, Burton looks puffy, paunchy, burnt out. His shoulders sag, he interrupts himself with breathy exhalations, and his eyes are dead because he is bored with killing but beyond caring. "It's like metal fatigue," says Control (Cyril Cusack), recalling Leamas from West Berlin to London for an extraordinary mission: to frame Mundt, the Communist intelligence chief whose assassins have been eradicating Britain's East German informants. Leamas must act as a decoy, shamming to convince the East Germans that he is embittered and ripe to defect. While the gears of intrigue mesh, Burton's face projects more nakedly than the novel did that Leamas, believing in nothing, half believes in his own worthlessness.

Director Ritt, without belaboring the tragedy of Leamas, coolly commits to film the grey nether world that the spy inhabits. There are no miraculous escapes or Union Jack heroics. Just ordinary men, trained to be distrustful, sizing one another up at a glance, meas-

# MUSIC

## CHAMBER MUSIC

### For the Joy of It

"What this country needs," Conductor Fritz Reiner once observed, "is more lousy string quartets." It is not for lack of trying. Indeed, the compulsion of amateur musicians to get together for an evening of chamber music is all but irrepresible. An Army officer's wife one day was approached by a stranger who noticed a telltale mark on her neck: "You must play the violin. Would you like to join our group?" A Boston doctor, hearing a man whistling a Mozart theme on the street, whistled back and soon had a date for duets. One desperate violinist pinned notes to trees in his neighborhood.

Today, fortunately, there is a more organized way for these weekend musicians to seek one another out—the Amateur Chamber Music Players. It was conceived in 1947 by the late Leonard Strauss, an Indianapolis incinerator manufacturer who grew bored playing his violin in his hotel room while on business trips. Today the A.C.M.P. publishes a directory that lists 6,000 amateur musicians in 50 states and 61 countries. By consulting the directory, a member can arrange a living-room concert in virtually any city in the world.

**Better than Stereo.** Helen Rice, 64, one of the founders of and now the guiding hand behind the A.C.M.P., operates the organization out of her Manhattan apartment. The A.C.M.P. directory includes a large number of noted doctors, professors and diplomats, but the only distinctions A.C.M.P. members care about are their musical rankings: from Pro for professional and A for excellent down to D for "et cetera," which, says Secretary Rice (violin-B) "is a delicate way of saying bad." Each member rates himself according to a detailed questionnaire.

Though a member may play badly, the only real requirement is that he play gladly. Dr. E. A. Baker of Edinburgh, Scotland, says that his listing of "violin-D 1" means that "my talents lie rather in making coffee," but he offers "room with piano, stands, refreshment and car parking." Still, there are drawbacks to being a less-than-A performer. Explains Carleen Hutchins (viola-D), a Montclair, N.J., housewife who makes violas in her spare time: "We do not often get calls; we have to do the calling."

**Coal Bin Sessions.** The ebullient Miss Rice publishes a yearly newsletter filled with members' adventures in impromptu music-making in far-off lands and chatty items about "an intradirectory wedding, bassoon-C to cello-D." Membership ranges from Foreign Policy Association President Samuel Hayes (viola-B) to a Manhattan night elevator operator (cello-B) who held wee-hour sessions in the coal bin of his building. Says Miss Rice: "There are a great many of us queer ducks who really

love to play just for the sheer joy of it."

For those who might be wary of complete strangers' dropping into their homes, Henry Simon (violin-C), executive editor of Simon & Schuster, contends that "people who play chamber music are nicer than other people. One retired doctor (viola-B) totes around a trailer outfitted with chairs, music stands and a well-stocked music library. Author Catherine Drinker Bowen (violin-B) takes her directory with her on lecture tours, has driven as far as 250 miles to play in a quartet. "Sometimes I go to the quartets worn out," she says, "but somehow I always come away refreshed. It is a great renewing thing."



CABALLÉ

And she married her Pinkerton.

## OPERA

### Big Find

Her whole broad frame shakes when she laughs, and she laughs a lot. She says that she would love to play Salome swathed in seven veils, and laughs as she explains why she won't. "Because of this!" she says, putting her midriff. No matter. Svelte or swelling, Spanish Soprano Montserrat Caballé is the operatic find of the year.

Last week Caballé was cast in a role more befitting her regally commanding figure: Queen Elizabeth in the American Opera Society's concert version of *Roberto Devereux*, a recently resurrected Donizetti opera that is absurdly complex in its amorous entanglements but brimming with singable music. Her extended, melting pianissimos lingered in the air like wisps of smoke. At the end of the second act, she showed the stuff great prima donnas are made of, held the final high note beyond everyone else on the stage and, with an arrogant toss of her head, strode off

still singing full throttle. Her warm, artfully shaded voice is not as large as Birgit Nilsson's, nor does she favor the *bel canto* filigrees of Joan Sutherland. Instead she infuses a role with an earthy energy reminiscent of Maria Callas, a quality which, above all else, excites.

**Out of Nowhere.** Last this excitement be dissipated by fretting in the dressing room, Caballé likes to delay her arrival at the theater until a few minutes before curtain time. Then, "before I have time to think about it—pffft! I jump right in there." Last April, seemingly from out of nowhere, she jumped right in as a substitute to sing the lead in the American Opera Society's *Lucrezia Borgia* and pffft! She caused a sensation the likes of which Manhattan opera lovers have not witnessed since the arrival of Joan Sutherland four years ago.

Though she has had a successful career in Europe, Caballé came to the U.S. as an unknown. This was largely because she had made only one recording, and because she refuses to confine her repertoire to her most flattering roles. At 32, she has already mastered a remarkable 46 roles—ranging from the Italian war horses to the starkly modern works of Nono, Berg and Stravinsky. Now the hottest new property on the opera circuit, she is scheduled to perform some seven roles in the U.S. over the next four months. This week she will make her debut with the Metropolitan Opera as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*.

**Sun, Ruby, Rose.** "I was born black, almost strangled by the umbilical cord," she says. "Maybe that is why I have such good lung power." It is why she was christened Montserrat. Her mother, fearing for the life of her black-laced baby, prayed to the Virgin of the nearby monastery of Montserrat, a statue sculpted in wood that has become so darkened by age and candle smoke that it is known as the Black Virgin. Daughter of an industrial chemist, Caballé was enrolled in Barcelona's Conservatorio del Liceo at nine, worked as a seamstress to pay for her tuition, graduated at 23 with every honor in sight. Wed last year in the Montserrat monastery to Spanish tenor Bernabé Martí, whom she met while singing *Madama Butterfly* in Barcelona, she says, "I am probably the only Cio-Cio-San who ever married her Pinkerton."

One of her prize possessions is a gold bracelet strung with silver-dollar-sized charms depicting critics' descriptions of her voice. In Mexico City it was "like a sun." In Buenos Aires "like a single ruby in the center of the stage." In her U.S. debut "like a brilliant red rose." Last week, in anticipation of her Met debut, she was planning another charm, no matter what. "Even if they say my voice is like a radish," she said. "I will have a gold radish made."

# THE PRESS

## MAGAZINES

### Alarm Bells in the City

For years, expanding freeways have been stretching out around Seattle, gobbling up land from the suburbs to the center of the city. In rush-hour traffic, they disgorge far more cars than Seattle can handle. But neither newspapers nor city officials had made audible complaint—until last spring when a little-known, not-quite-two-year-old monthly magazine called *Seattle* warned its readers that they would soon be living in a "concrete phantasmagoria" unless the city stopped building freeways and be-

dollars in ads when it ran an article ridiculing local wines. When a project to renovate Los Angeles' downtown plaza stalled for three years, the magazine *Los Angeles* got it going again with an all-out assault on city and state agencies that were holding it up. Even *Atlanta*, which remains a Chamber of Commerce publication, has run pieces debunking the Ku Klux Klan and questioning the city's cultural pretensions.

For all their iconoclasm, however, the city magazines maintain a stubborn pride in their home towns. *Greater Philadelphia*, for example, balances its digs at the business community with some

profit, and even those still in the red seem headed for financial health. Recently, several city magazines pooled their resources to hire a representative to solicit national advertising accounts. The field is so promising that a city magazine has even been started in Washington, D.C., the place where people are supposed to care least about civic affairs. In three months, the *Washingtonian*, published by two ex-foreign service officers, Laughlin Phillips and Robert J. Meyers, has reached a circulation of 14,000, some 10,000 more than its editors expected.

"There is no reason why local journalism should not be of the same high professional quality as national journalism," says Peter D. Bunzel, 38, who was



A SAMPLING OF CITY MAGAZINES

Privately published and proudly controversial.

gan to concentrate on rapid transit. Alerted to the danger at last, Seattle's two newspapers, which had been busily promoting freeways, changed their minds and started calling for rapid transit. Last month the mayor asked for \$1,000,000 to get a study of possible transit systems started.

All over the nation, a growing number of city magazines are sounding the civic alarm bell. Once mostly the tame products of chambers of commerce, and dedicated to singing the praises of their cities, they are now breaking loose on their own. Magazines like *Seattle*, *Greater Philadelphia*, *San Diego*, *San Francisco*, *Los Angeles* and *Phoenix* are privately published and proudly argumentative. They tackle the kind of controversial issues—haphazard zoning, air pollution, lethargic politics, shoddy construction—that would have frightened off their predecessors. "We were a booster before," says Alan Halpern, 39, editor of *Greater Philadelphia*. "Now we're a dagger magazine."

No Ideology. *Greater Philadelphia* regularly jabs at its home town. Its exposure of bankruptcy frauds last year resulted in the conviction of five local businessmen. Its criticism of the overcrowded and obsolescent city airport touched off a rebuilding program. *Seattle* cost its parent company, King Broadcasting, hundreds of thousands of

highly flattering profiles of business and community leaders. The magazines couldn't care less about trumpeting any particular ideology or identifying with any political party. "Some of the staunchest conservatives in their political philosophy are among the most liberal when it comes to getting things done in the city," says Edwin Self, 45, Scottish-born editor of *San Diego*.

Minority Appeal. The city magazines have moved into a void left by many newspapers, which have either given up comprehensive local coverage or disappeared from the scene. Now that newspapers in so many cities are under single ownership, the magazines provide another, often sorely needed voice in city affairs. The magazines also concentrate heavily on the arts, which many papers tend to neglect. Moreover, each city is developing a pool of capable young writers who are willing to work for the magazines for little pay. "The quality of writing by these lesser-knowns is often better," says John Victor Jr., 51, publisher of both *San Diego* and *San Francisco*. "The well-known writers sometimes slough off their efforts for us."

The magazines openly appeal to what they call the "intelligent minority": their circulations range from a low of 5,000 (*Phoenix*) to a high of 54,000 (*Los Angeles*). Some are showing a modest

recruited from *LIFE* to edit *Seattle*. "I believe that quality will succeed and that we will force the newspapers to be less cornball, if only for the pride of their publishers."

### An End to Nostalgia

Reaching more Protestant readers (454,000) than any other interdenominational publication, the 87-year-old *Christian Herald* has become a success by relating religion to the familiar problems of everyday life. In its intimate, folksy manner, with such articles as *Why I Left Sunday School* or *How to Listen to a Sermon*, the magazine was engaging but seldom provocative. Now the old order is changing. Last week the Rev. Daniel A. Poling, 81, announced that on Jan. 1 he will retire as editor after 40 years on the job. A conservative in his politics as well as his religion, Poling will be replaced by Ford Steward, 56. A staffer since 1938, Stewart has developed some ideas of his own about how to run a religious monthly.

Under Poling, the *Herald* generally avoided the theological controversies rocking today's church: Stewart plans to plunge into some of them, possibly even giving space to the new "God is dead" theologians. The *Herald* will also carry more news, both religious and secular. "In the past," says Stewart, "there has

been an unfortunate liaison between religion and nostalgia on the magazine. Because of the change in general climate of the Christian community, I do feel religious journalism is going to have to reflect this change and keep pace."

## Over the Top

When the final figures for 1965 are in, the U.S. magazine industry will be almost sure to have recorded its first billion-dollar advertising year. According to statistics released by the Publishers Information Bureau, ad revenue for the first eleven months of 1965 reached \$986,310,970, up almost 8% from the same period in 1964, the year that set the previous record: \$997 million.

LIFE remains the leader in ad revenue with a 1965 estimate of better than \$163 million, a slight gain over the year before. TIME is likely to displace LOOK for second place with \$80 million, a 15% increase over 1964. LOOK is up 5% with \$79.4 million. Reader's Digest follows with \$65.8 million, a 14% gain.

## NEWSPAPERS

### Anarchists' Weekly

Upon being told that Christopher Columbus was not the first to discover America, a bulbous-nosed, sleepy-eyed Charles de Gaulle murmurs: "Eh bien, I congratulate him for that."

Standing under an umbrella in a rainstorm, up to his knees in water, *le grand Charles* shouts: "Après le déluge, moi."

Such droll, needling cartoons are not softened a bit by the text they illustrate. Week in, week out, Charles de Gaulle comes under irreverent attack in the French satirical newspaper *Le Canard Enchaîné* (the Chained Duck<sup>\*</sup>). Anything but chained, the Duck pokes more fun at the man it calls "*le grand Charlatan*" than any other French publication. Nor does it spare anyone else who merits attack. Last week the eight-page weekly celebrated 50 years of ridiculing the high and the mighty, the smug and the pretentious in French life. Proud of the Duck's surviving without mellowing, staffers boast: "The duck still has all its teeth."

**Combating Hysteria.** Over the years, the Duck has learned to clamp those teeth on its enemies and live to bite another day. Its secret is circuitous attack: it never charges an opponent head-on. Stories begin disarmingly: "We of course deny . . . It would be false to say . . ." Then they deliver what they are denying in spectacular detail. Thus the Duck gets away with printing stories no other paper dares touch. Once a Deputy not beloved by the Duck sent the paper a letter full of gamy information about government officials. What to do? The Duck solved the problem by running a photocopy of the letter. When

a politician named Marcellinac, whom the Duck disliked, declared he would run for the presidency, the Duck ran a story: "*Paris-Match* announces the publication of a book entitled *The Life of Marcellinac*. We have been here to acquire the text of this book. Here it is." A blank space followed.

The Duck began its bold sniping in 1915, during some of the bleakest days of World War I, when its dry wit turned out to be just what was needed to combat wartime hysteria. At the time, the French press was frantically reporting every defeat as a glorious victory. The Duck did not set out to correct these inaccuracies. Instead, it claimed the biggest victories of all, until it began to make all war reporting look ridiculous. On one occasion, when the press was clucking in astonishment over a German submarine that had traveled as far as the U.S. coast, the Duck announced that the sub had done even better than that—it had been built and launched in Baltimore. The other French papers excitedly picked up the story. Exulted the Duck: "The stupidity of these great papers is so enormous that they fell upon this fable like a pig on a truffle."

**Uneasy When Happy.** The Duck's staffers—a collection of a dozen writers and seven cartoonists—not only champion anarchy in print; they live it. They refuse to accept any advertising; though famed for consuming fine food and drink, they turn down most luncheon invitations to avoid what they feel is contaminating contact with the outside world—the kind of contact most newsmen prize. Honors of any sort are taboo. Once a writer made the mistake of showing up for work wearing the Legion of Honor. The editor took one horrified look and fired him on the spot. "But," the writer stammered, "I

didn't ask for it. They gave it to me." Said the editor: "Well, you shouldn't have done anything to deserve it."

"When we're not opposing, we're not very good," says Robert Treno, 63, the Duck's shy, pun-loving ("One Debré below zero") editor. Staffers who lament the fact that they have never managed to overthrow a government are even unhappier about the time in the recent past when they supported one—that of Pierre Mendès-France, the 1954-55 Premier who momentarily jolted French politics by pulling out of Viet Nam, by trying to end the Algerian war, and by campaigning for greater milk consumption. But even at the time, the Duck was uneasy. "Is it our fault," the paper asked defensively, "that we finally have an intelligent man in power? Anyway, there's nothing to worry about. He won't last very long." He didn't.

So far, all attacks on the Duck—threats, libel suits, De Gaulle's icy disdain—have rolled off its back. When the press was forbidden to print one of Jean-Paul Sartre's interminable essays on the Algerian war, the Duck ran the piece in type so tiny that it could hardly be read. Next day, throughout the city, Parisians could be seen squinting through magnifying glasses. "Seize the Duck!" exploded Robert Lacoste, the French proconsul in Algeria, who had banned dozens of other offending publications. "I don't want to look like an imbecile."

Not long ago, an outraged army colonel decided on more direct action. He challenged Editor Treno to a duel. Treno accepted and showed up at dawn at the appointed spot. There, as was his right, he demanded the choice of weapons. His selection? Rubber-dart pistols. The colonel went home in a huff—leaving the Duck quacking as loudly as ever.



EDITOR TRENO (RIGHT) & STAFF OF THE DUCK AT LUNCH  
How to bite and live to bite another day.

\* *Canard* is also French slang for rag—as in the sentence: "What's the name of that rag you work for?" The chain refers to government censorship.

# MODERN LIVING

## SOCIETY

### An International Marriage

There are fewer social rules than ever before, and there are absolutely none on how to announce the marriage of a middle-aged multimillionaire, who has just divorced his third wife, to the young and fashionable daughter of another multimillionaire. Last week the world got a hint that in the publicity-conscious 20th century, such an occasion should be arranged in out-of-the-way places with the secrecy that money can command.

The wedding was that of Charlotte Ford, 24, daughter of Henry and great-granddaughter of the Ford who founded the family fortune, to Stavros Niarchos, 56, the Greek shipping magnate. Niarchos is the sort of man whom old Henry Ford would probably never have met in his day and would not have understood if he had. About all the Detroit car czar would have respected him for is the fact that he is one of the few men in the world who could not be accused of marrying Charlotte for her money. Niarchos' wealth is hard to pin down in numbers, but it is more than \$200 million.

**Madras Shorts.** As a child, Charlotte hardly seemed destined for such things. At suburban Grosse Pointe, she and her younger sister Anne paddled about country-club terraces in madras shorts, smiled for the family photographers, and read comics instead of classics. Their mother came from an old-line Roman Catholic family (their father converted before his marriage), and they both attended strict Catholic schools, took their religion seriously. They seemed perfect "convent girls."

Charlotte was something of a wallflower until her middle teens. She was overweight and a mite bossy. But as the time for her debut approached, she took



ANNE McDONNELL FORD  
After Grosse Pointe, extravaganzas.

herself in hand, dieted, and straightened her posture. The night of the \$250,000 extravaganza, dubbed "the party of the century," she was poised and pretty. Anne's debut two years later was the second party of the century and cost just as much.

After that, the two girls grew up fast. At their mother's urging, they went to Paris to study. Gstaad to ski. Their parents also showed up in Europe a lot, especially their father, who had made his mark as a responsible captain of industry when he took over the company on his grandfather's death and led it to new productive heights. He bought a yacht and began taking regular cruises to the Mediterranean every season. In 1960, at a party Princess Grace gave in Paris, he met Christina Austin, a lively Italian-born divor-

cee. They were married in 1965, a year after Anne McDonnell Ford got a divorce in Idaho. Henry and Christina now live in Detroit.

**Pop & Camp.** The first Mrs. Ford moved into an apartment on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, and the two girls with her. They were quickly caught up in the jet set, and, with a name like Ford, they naturally got a lot of publicity. Charlotte worked for a decorator, and both girls smiled radiantly from fashion magazines. They learned what there was to learn about pop paintings and camp culture, wore Courrèges suits and the latest "flip" hairdo. They were picked for the list of America's ten best-dressed women.

In such circumstances, it was unlikely that either would fall in love with the boy next door. They didn't. With Anne, it was Giancarlo Uzielli, 31, a handsome Florentine who moved to New York 22 years ago and whose father bought him a seat on the Stock Exchange in 1962 (estimated price: \$175,000). The elder Fords were not overjoyed with the match, partly because Uzielli is a divorced man whose marriage has not yet been annulled. A modest civil ceremony was set for Dec. 28 in the Ford apartment, to be preceded by a big party the night before atop the RCA Building.

**Urging Finesse.** Though it didn't appear in the gossip columns, Niarchos had been cruising on the horizon of Charlotte's new life for more than a year. During the summer of 1964, he sailed into Villefranche aboard his three-masted schooner, *Creole*, which is the world's largest yacht. Only a couple of waves away was the Fords' yacht *Santa Maria*. Soon Niarchos' launch was running a veritable shuttle between the two yachts.

Niarchos is celebrated for his personal charm. The mere fact that he had been married to two other ladies and was currently married to a third was of no great significance in the jet



HENRY & CHRISTINA (1964)



NIARCHOS



CHARLOTTE



ANNE & GIANCARLO

After life in the jet set, no chance for the boy next door.

set.\* It was also nice that though he might not have quite as much money as Father Henry, he spent it with more style. This was a man who handed out gold cigarette boxes as if they were match books, ordered his suits 16 at a time. The salon of the *Creole* was furnished with Van Goghs, Renoirs, a Gauguin and a Rouault.

Last summer the *Creole* trailed the Ford's yacht all over the Mediterranean. When the season was over, Charlotte announced to her parents that she was going to marry Niarchos. The Ford family handled it well, and not a word leaked out. Explained one member of the family: "The worry wasn't that they would get married—we accepted that. We were urging finesse in handling the whole affair."

The plan was to release a statement to the press after the couple had already taken off on their honeymoon. It almost worked, except for Manhattan's alert pseudonymous Columnist Suzy, who had the whole story the day after the wedding.

**Upstaged?** Having heard none of the drawing-room rumors, most of the press played up the wedding as an elopement, hinted darkly that Charlotte had beaten her sister to the altar by two weeks so as not to be upstaged. The truth of the matter was that Niarchos and Charlotte were simply waiting for his divorce—which finally came through in Mexico, Mexico! a few days before the wedding.

Once it had, Niarchos swung into action, and with characteristic style, Charlotte and his lawyer flew from New York to Juarez on a Ford company plane. Niarchos himself flew from Canada on another. The wedding party was installed in a spanking new Juarez motel, and a judge came to marry the happy couple in their motel suite. Another Ford plane took them to Nassau in the Bahamas. Waiting there was a Boeing 707 that Niarchos had chartered from BOAC to take them to Zurich (price: roughly \$40,000). From there, they boarded his own Lear jet for the last leg of the trip to St. Moritz. When they got there, they headed straight for a hotel instead of Niarchos' own mountain-side chalet. Why? Because in the chalet was Eugenie Livanos, his newest ex-wife, and their four children.

What did the bride's parents think of the whole thing? If Anne McDonnell Ford said anything it was only to her closest friends. The night after the wedding, Henry, a more public personage, was at a party in Detroit. When a good friend asked him what he thought of his new son-in-law, he said: "He is a very nice man."

Niarchos' publicists do not usually mention his first marriage in 1930 to Helen Sporides, daughter of Admiral Constantine Sporides, which lasted one year. His second marriage was to Melpomene Capparis in 1939, whom he divorced in 1947 to marry Third Wife Eugenie Livanos. Eugenie's sister, Tina, once married to Aristotle Onassis, is now the Marchioness of Blamfont.



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**2!!**  
Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of the news each week. Find out what they mean in TIME.

DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENT  
**165<sup>TH</sup>**  
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cents a share will  
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Trust as of 9:00 a.m. The  
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# U.S. BUSINESS

## THE ECONOMY

### Problems of Abundance

Managing the nation's record prosperity may prove more troublesome for Washington than achieving it. The U.S. economy is thriving in a careful balance, with industry humming at close to capacity, shortages of skilled labor hampering (though not yet hobbling) key producers, price increases straining the bounds of stability. Last week, as fresh evidence showed that industry's plans to expand capacity have hardly been dented by the rising price of money, the signs also increased that the Administration may soon feel forced to use stronger medicine to fight the threat of inflation.

**Temporary Overstrain.** There was increasing speculation in Washington that the prospective sharp rise in defense spending (to perhaps \$61 billion next year) will mean a federal tax boost (see THE NATION). Short of that, some of Lyndon Johnson's advisers are toying with the possibility of higher income-tax withholding, which would remove spendable cash from private hands at once. Their estimate of the size of the U.S. economy for 1966 has grown and grown—from a gross national product of \$710 billion to \$715 billion to the present \$720 billion—and so has their concern that the combination of military outlays added to heavy plant-and-equipment spending will place a temporary overstrain on the nation's ability to produce.

The fact that business plans to step up spending for new plant and equipment by 14% for next year's first half (to an annual rate of \$59 billion) was a major cause of the Federal Reserve



FEDERAL RESERVE'S MARTIN



CONGRESSMAN PATMAN

*Speculation is also rising.*

Board's decision to boost its discount rate from 4% to 4½%, and a major reason why Lyndon Johnson reacted so mildly despite his disapproval. Last week the National Industrial Conference Board told the Congressional Joint Economic Committee that costlier money will bring only a tiny cutback in those plans. Among the 1,000 largest manufacturing companies, testified N.I.C.B. Senior Vice President Martin Gainsbrugh, none of the 644 replying to his survey after the discount rate hike expected to reduce plant expansion next year by as much as 5%; more than 92% predicted no change at all.

Evidence supporting that bullish outlook was everywhere. Ford Motor Co. last week added \$200 million to its already ready 1966 expansion schedule. United Air Lines placed a \$56 million order for a huge computer system, adding strength to the airline industry's plans to boost its expansion outlays by 22% next year. Food-industry expenditures are expected to climb 15%, those of rubber manufacturers, 29%, those of the aerospace industry 48%.

**Scraping for Labor.** Though all this building will eventually ease the pinch on the U.S.'s productive capacity—and prove beneficial so long as consumers retain their appetite for buying—the Administration's economy watchers have a more immediate worry: Will the declining growth of industry's output per man wash out the benefits of expansion? Hitherto unannounced Government statistics show that productivity grew only 2.5% this year v. 3.4% in 1964 partly because some industries are reaching the bottom of the labor pool, partly because older, inefficient plants have been brought back into use. Wages, however, climbed 4.2%. Unless industry's output per man regains at least a 3% growth next year, the fast-

expanding economy will come under serious inflationary pressure. For the next few months, at least, the tightrope between supply and demand seems sure to stretch tauter.

### Pressures & Passions

**Patman:** You always have one answer: higher interest.

**Martin:** And you always have one answer: lower interest.

That is the way it mostly went last week in the Senate caucus room, where the Federal Reserve Board's old foe, Texas Congressman Wright Patman, had summoned Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., four more of the seven board members and four other witnesses to four days of hearings about the Federal Reserve's discount-rate rise. The hearings changed no one's mind or position one iota, but they produced some clarification of the events that led up to the rate rise and considerably heightened speculation about President Johnson's choice to replace Vice Chairman C. Conly Balderston, the retiring member of the Federal Reserve's 4 to 3 conservative majority.

**Three Memos.** Bill Martin insisted that the Federal Reserve raised the discount rate only after full consultation with the President, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, the President's economic advisers and the budget director. "I indicated what the problems were, as I saw it. They did not agree with me." In fact, Martin gave the President a written memorandum in October giving reasons why he felt a discount hike would be needed, and Fowler and Chief Economic Adviser Gardner Ackley retaliated with memos contesting his reasoning. Martin felt that the discount rate should have been raised in September, believes that if the Board had not acted earlier this month its hands would have



been tied until mid-February because of Treasury refinancing of the national debt in January. Had the Board not acted when it did, he said at the hearings, the situation would have deteriorated: "Delaying action further would probably have made it necessary to take stronger measures later."

No Administration officials showed up at the hearings, but the easy-money partisans also had their say. Senator William Proxmire deplored "an economic-policy civil war." Seymour E. Harris, chairman of the economics department of the University of California at San Diego, called the Federal Reserve's independence "an insane idea," and criticized the use of a monetary "sledge hammer" on the economy. Harvard Economist John Kenneth Galbraith called the Federal Reserve an "anachronistic" body whose rate rise was "visibly uninformed."

**Horrible Rumor.** Thus, Wall Street was suitably horrified last week as rumors swept the Street that Balderston's replacement might be none other than Galbraith. If the President nominates an easy-money advocate, the Board's one-vote margin for higher interest rates would disappear and Bill Martin might resign. Johnson has reportedly rejected three men for Balderston's chair, but has not yet made up his mind. The business community particularly opposes the appointment of another man like Sherman Maisel, an easy-money man and a former University of California economics professor named to the board by Johnson eight months ago. Maisel's boldness as a freshman governor has stunned even some Administration leaders; last week at the hearings he called the handiwork of his colleagues on the board "irresponsible."

The Board now has three economists: Maisel, J. Dewey Daane and George Mitchell. A group of businessmen led by two former Treasury Secretaries, Truman's John Snyder and Eisenhower's Robert Anderson, are busy rallying industry to oppose the inclusion of another economist on the Board. They want business to urge on the Administration a single business candidate for the vacancy to insure that the Board's complexion remains as it is—and that Bill Martin stays where he is.

## FINANCE

### Merchandising Money

It was an odd announcement to come at a corporate Christmas party, but Transamerica Corp. likes to do things differently. As the sound of *Jingle Bells* faded in a banquet room at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel, Chairman Horace W. Brower rose to address 80 of his top executives. Said Brower, 65, who is recuperating from major heart surgery: "I'm pulling out as chief executive Jan. 1. That will give me more time for fishing, for golf and the recovery of my health." With that, command of one of the nation's largest and least understood financial empires shifted to

President John R. Beckett, 47, the architect of a five-year expansion that has transformed Transamerica, once the world's No. 1 bank holding company, into a huge financial department store.

Transamerica was set up in 1928 by A. P. Giannini as a vehicle to expand his California-dominating Bank of America across the U.S. The company beat an antitrust suit in court, but Giannini later decided to divorce Transamerica from the bank anyway. By 1956, the separated company had built itself into a holding company that controlled 23 banks in eleven Western states, had also spread out into insurance and a few other fields. Congress ended all that with a law (aimed particularly at Transamerica) that forced the company either to get out of bank-

who will stay on in a less active role as Transamerica's chairman, has concentrated on operating Los Angeles-based Occidental Life. Beckett, a former stockbroker, has run the rest of Transamerica's interests out of an inconspicuously tiny (30 employees) headquarters in an unprepossessing old building near San Francisco's nightclub belt. He spends nearly half his time jetting around Transamerica's expanding realm, likes to ask fellow air passengers what they think Transamerica does. "Generally," he says, "people think we're a trucking, bus or shipping company—or 'that airline.'"

**Slow Fame.** Though public fame has not yet overtaken Transamerica's rising fortunes, competitors have been quick to recognize the company's innovations



TRANSAMERICA'S BROWER & BECKETT

Some people think it's an airline.



SAN FRANCISCO HEADQUARTERS

ing or cease all its other activities. The company chose to leave banking, decided to build up a whole range of subsidiaries that would offer practically every financial service but banking.

**In Tandem.** Today, Transamerica has resources of \$2.3 billion, controls 20 major subsidiaries, has offices in all 50 states, France and Canada. It has 14,000 employees, more than 100,000 stockholders and 7,000,000 customers. It writes nearly every kind of insurance through 15 subsidiaries, including Occidental Life Insurance Co., the ninth largest insurers in North America, leases autos and plant equipment, offers consumer-finance and mortgage banking, develops real estate. It is scouting for a mutual fund and a savings and loan association with an eye to further improving its profits—which reached \$39 million last year (48% from Occidental) and are expected to rise another 15% this year.

Up to now, Brower and Beckett have run Transamerica's conglomerate bundle of businesses "in tandem," as Beckett likes to put it. Salesman Brower,

in the merchandising of financial services. In varying degrees, such giants as Sears Roebuck, J. C. Penney, and even International Telephone & Telegraph Co. have adopted the department-store concept of finance pioneered by Transamerica. Beckett wants "to blanket the U.S., Canada and Europe" with Transamerica financial services. By feeding business from one Transamerica subsidiary to another, and eventually selling all of the company's services through single outlets, he aims to create a financial empire outside banking that will cater to almost every money need.

## CORPORATIONS

### Company in a Quandary

Millions of American housewives daily stop in front of a supermarket shelf and pick up a bar of Ivory soap, a box of Tide or Cheer, a package of Duncan Hines Cake Mix, a bottle of Clorox or Mr. Clean. For the maker of all these products, the Procter & Gamble Co. of Cincinnati, the pickings add up to sales of more than \$2 billion a year and

profits that reached \$133.2 million in the fiscal year ended last June. P. & G. dwarfs its closest rivals, Colgate-Palmolive Co. (1964 sales: \$806.6 million) and Lever Bros. Co. (\$436.4 million), is the largest advertiser and 24th largest industrial company in the U.S.

Consistently judged one of the best-managed American corporations, P. & G. has reached its dominant size by competing fiercely, using its financial power and mammoth marketing abilities to leave competitors in a cloud of suds. The Federal Trade Commission feels, in fact, that the distance between P. & G. and its rivals has grown too great. In a case about to be decided in court, it charges that P. & G. has violated the bounds of the Clayton Antitrust Act by competing too aggressively. The charge has put the hard-driving salesmen of P. & G. in a quandary: How can their company continue to grow if it is already big enough to be anticompetitive?

**Clorox v. Purex.** The FTC case arose from P. & G.'s acquisition in 1957 of Clorox Chemical Co., which held 49% of the market for liquid household bleaches. Second-place Purex Corp., which had 16% of the market, had managed by heavy promotion to boost its share in several areas, including the Erie, Pa., market, where it had captured 33%. Clorox, now backed by P. & G.'s marketing know-how and money, did not let the gains go unchallenged. It blanketed the areas with ads, offered \$1 ironing-board covers for 50¢ and cut the price of Clorox by 5¢ to 7¢ a bottle. Purex gave up, and by March 1958 its share of the Erie market had sunk to 7%. Said the FTC, charging P. & G. with overwhelming its competitors: "In a fight to the finish, Procter & Gamble, whose aggregate scale of operations and fiscal resources dwarf the entire liquid bleach industry, cannot be bested." In 1963 the FTC ordered P. & G. to sell Clorox, and a decision on the company's appeal of that order is pending in the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinnati.

For P. & G., the case has significance far beyond the possible loss of Clorox's nearly \$40 million in annual sales. Its management has relied on acquisitions and such selling devices as giveaways and selective price cuts to keep P. & G. growing. Under the FTC's steady gaze, the company has already had to compete less aggressively and slow down its acquisition of new companies. The results are showing up in earnings: In 1960, before the FTC order, profits rose 20%; in 1964 they rose 13%; last year, earnings before taxes actually declined. Says President Howard J. Morgens, 55: "We're not planning on any more acquisitions in the U.S. at the present time. Of course, the FTC plays a part in our thinking on this. It has made us lose heart a bit."

**Holding Back.** Overseas, too, P. & G.'s brand of competition is running into reaction. In Germany, many of its sales methods have been outlawed

to protect German firms, its advertising criticized in the press. Rival Colgate, which has adapted to foreign ways, now gets 87% of its profits from abroad v. 17.5% for P. & G. All of this has created a certain air of frustration among P. & G.'s dedicated employees, who believe with P. & G. Chairman (and former Defense Secretary) Neil McElroy that "in a competitive market like ours, you just can't afford to hold anything back." If the FTC wins its case, P. & G. may have to learn to hold back.

## RAILROADS

### Wooing the Passengers

Only one of every 50 Americans traveling between two cities takes a train—a statistic that explains why U.S. railroads have lost money on their passenger business every year since 1945. Nonetheless, many railroads are now more optimistic about passenger trains than they have been for years. They feel that proposed new, fast trains, including a 150-m.p.h. supertrain between New York and Washington on which test runs begin next year, will eventually lure many intercity travelers from cars (now used by 90%) and planes (5%). Meantime, many lines are concentrating on special trains, spruced-up equipment, new services and engaging advertising to perk up their passenger business. There is some evidence that they are succeeding: last year, for the first time since 1944, the railroads carried more passengers than the year before.

**Champagne & Candlelight.** Last week the Atlantic Coast Line's *Florida Special* began its daily winter-season runs between New York and Miami, offering such unusual amenities as free champagne and dinner by candlelight. Each train has television, a telephone, and a recreation car run by an airline-style hostess who models resort wear, leads games and shows movies. The Pennsylvania Railroad last month began a low-key advertising campaign for its all-Pullman *Broadway Limited* between New York and Chicago, which now averages only 85 passengers per trip. Sample: "The *Broadway Limited* isn't a Winget, a Jumpjet, a Speedjet, or a Jetjet. It's called a train." The Pennsy recently added sherry with dinner, delivers newspapers to each room, offers bedrooms with showers.

Three Chesapeake & Ohio-Baltimore & Ohio trains now show free, first-run movies. The line's *Chicago Express* between Washington and Chicago last summer began carrying passengers' automobiles (for \$50) on a rack car attached to the rear of the train, will offer the service again next summer. Most railroads are experimenting with fare cuts to boost traffic, especially at off-peak hours. C. & O.-B. & O. cuts its fares 31% on "red circle days" (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday), when travel is light; the Pennsy has cut-rate mid-week Philadelphia-New York Ladies' Day Specials. Only a few trains offer such attractions, however, and



FASHION SHOW ON A.C.L.'S "FLORIDA SPECIAL"  
Neither Jumpjet nor Jetjet.

the railroads' revenues and profits from passengers are still declining.

**Gift Certificates.** Despite their efforts, Eastern trains continue to run a sad second to the still grand lines of the West. The Santa Fe last year spent \$8,000,000 on new dome cars for its *El Capitan* from Chicago to Los Angeles and its *San Francisco Chief*, also refurbished its famed *Super Chief*. The Santa Fe now offers gift certificates for train-trip presents and, for \$12, a meal-ticket book good for all five meals on trains between Chicago and Los Angeles.

The Union Pacific's trains from Chicago to the West Coast still maintain a tradition of comfort and good service that continues to attract passengers. The Burlington, whose California and Denver *Zephyrs* used to carry peak loads only in summer, will spend \$350,000 this winter jointly with Hertz Corp. to promote Colorado skiing. It has already been so successful that ski-season reservations on its trains must often be made months in advance.



MOVIES ON THE C. & O.-B. & O. "CAPITOL LIMITED"  
It's called a train.

# WORLD BUSINESS

## ITALY

### The Supercolossus

The largest merger in Italian history is about to create the country's biggest business (replacing Fiat). The merger is between Montecatini, the huge chemical-minerals complex, and the Edison Group, a private power company that switched to heavy industry in order to survive when Italy nationalized power in 1962. The resulting giant, which Italians are already calling "the supercolossus," would have united sales of about \$1.5 billion, would control 70% of Italy's chemical production and much of its pyrite, potassium, bauxite and glass output. At the news that the government had tentatively approved the merger and that it would shortly be submitted for stockholder approval, Edison's stock jumped 66 points and Montecatini's eight points on the Milan exchange.

It was the second auspicious event of the week for Montecatini. Earlier, autocratic, meticulous President Carlo Faina, 71, who is descended from the Bonapartes, returned from a trip to Moscow with more to show than Ancestor Napoleon had ever brought away. Montecatini, announced Faina, will build six chemical plants for the Russians under a \$110 million contract, will also exchange raw materials (including Russian oil) and finished products with them, and has worked out a technical-assistance agreement that will net more millions. The agreement is the largest that any Italian company has ever made with the Soviets.



FAINA RETURNING FROM MOSCOW  
Growth at home and abroad.

More Remarkable. The sudden merger and sales activity is the more remarkable because only two years ago Montecatini was in deep trouble. The company, whose products range from aluminum to antibiotics, expanded too rapidly during *Il Boom*, found itself strapped by ambitious commitments, soaring wages and increased building costs when *Il Shoom*—the recession—hit Italy. Unable to obtain a needed \$72 million loan in a shrinking capital market, Faina skipped a dividend for only the second time in 18 years, looked around for other relief. He found it in a partnership under which the Royal Dutch/Shell Group put up half the cost of Montecatini petrochemical plants abuilding at Ferrara and Brindisi.

Saved by Shell, Faina moved to strengthen Montecatini. He acquired Adriatic Electric—along with Edison, one of Italy's five big pre-nationalization electric companies—and with it a \$190 million expropriation payment still due from the government. Meanwhile, other nations gradually recognized Montecatini patents on such processes as Moplen, a light, easily molded polypropylene for which Chemist Giulio Natta won the 1963 Nobel Prize. Montecatini now holds 1,800 patents, fattens its income by licensing them in 30 countries. Sales are up 31% to \$633.6 million this year, although rising costs continue to hold down profits.

**Free from Competition.** The merger, the immensity of which will have billowing effects on every financial empire in Italy, will enable Faina to cut costs. It will also bolster power-shorn Edison; under President Giorgio Valerio, 61, Edison has used its expropriation cash to move into electronics and heavy machinery, but most strongly into chemicals, where it has become Montecatini's principal rival. The merged company would no longer have to worry about that kind of competition, nor, because of Italy's easy antitrust laws, about facing monopoly charges.

"There's no question about it," says Valerio, a shrewd engineer who will probably become chief executive of the supercolossus, "we had to think big or give up. We could no longer shape our industries along national lines. We had to become a company that could compete effectively in European terms, not local terms. This merger gives us those European dimensions that we needed."

## SWITZERLAND

### Underwriting the Underwriters

A lot of insurance companies would like to forget the past year. The Watts riots cost them \$44 million in damage claims. Windstorms in Belgium, fires in the Philippines and a rash of burglaries in Switzerland drained additional huge sums. Then there was Hurricane Betsy,



EISENRING & ST. FLORIAN  
Losses from Belgium to Betsy.

which did an estimated \$750 million worth of damage, bringing on the worst single losses in insurance history.

Zurich's Swiss Reinsurance Co. has more reason than most to rue the vintage year of disaster. It is the world's biggest reinsurance company. "Swiss Re," as its name suggests, insures the insurance companies—more than 1,000 of them are its clients—by accepting part of their liability for claims arising from natural catastrophe or human accident. On the broad marble staircase of the company's chateausque lakeside headquarters stands a baroque statue of St. Florian, who is regarded as a protector against natural disasters. Says Matthew Klaas, 63, one of Swiss Re's two general managers: "Last year St. Florian let us down."

**Awesome Assets.** The fact is, however, that he has not let them down so much that it really hurt. Despite a net underwriting loss of \$759,000 over its last 18-month reporting period, the company showed an overall profit of \$10 million, paid its 14,373 shareholders about 75% of that in dividends. How? By astute investment of premium income. Swiss Re owns \$811 million in interest-bearing investments and has cash reserves of \$31 million—enough, suggested one hyperinaginative financial writer recently, to cover the cost of the end of the world. Says Chairman Mux E. Eisenring, 55: "The writer is overstating it by a shade."

Swiss Re was founded in 1863 by two Swiss banks and an insurance company, later benefited from an immense catastrophe that was almost its undoing. Hard hit by \$989,000 in claims after the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906, the still small company gulped, somehow got together enough money to

pay off promptly. By cementing client confidence, this performance paved the way for rapid expansion. Swiss Re had become the world's biggest reinsurer by the outbreak of World War II, emerged from the war stronger than ever.

**Betting on Quality.** The company weighs its risks carefully, sticks to the motto of its founders: "Rather no business than bad business." Essentially, Swiss Re bets on the quality of the insurance company whose risks it accepts, pays claims on the nail, often within 48 hours. The company weekly pays out an average of \$4,000,000 in claims, takes pride in the fact that no client has ever sued it for payment.

Swiss Re owns subsidiaries in the U.S., Canada, South Africa and Australia, controls affiliates in Britain, France and West Germany and is actively seeking new business in developing countries. Its foreign staff, made up of local nationals, is duly imbued with Swiss industry and frugality. But nobody nowadays is encouraged to be quite as desperately conscientious as Swiss Re's first manager. After making a loss-producing mistake in judgment, he committed suicide.

## WESTERN EUROPE

### Tonnage in the Sky

Half of France's textile exports to the U.S. now cross the Atlantic by air. Gallic perfumers, who sniffed at the idea only two years ago, are now shipping their delicate fragrances in planes at the rate of 660 tons a year. The Greeks send their furs aloft to customers in Germany, Holland and Scandinavia, fresh seafood to Italy and France. Swissair will fly 4,400,000 Swiss watches to markets abroad this year, along with plane loads of precision machinery, optical instruments and pharmaceuticals. Despite their reputation for conservatism, European businessmen this year have turned to air freight in such numbers that the volume surprises even some of the airlines.

**Lower Bills.** Outstripping gains in passenger traffic, the air-freight business has risen 20% this year for Air France, Sabena and the Scandinavian Airlines System, 22% for Swissair, 24% for British European Airways and 25% for BOAC. Two of the U.S.'s Europe-serving carriers are doing even better. Pan American, the world's largest airline freight operation (13 jet freighters, 12 more on order), reported last week that its cargo volume will rise 54% this year to a record, and TWA's foreign cargoes are up 63%. When it comes to revenues, freight now brings European airlines from 7% of their total (for short-hauling BEA) to 18% (for Greece's Olympic).

Though air freight costs more than rail or water shipments, it often cuts the total distribution bill for manufacturers. Reasons: cheaper insurance, lighter crating, less pilferage, fewer warehouse

and rehandling charges and—most crucial of all—faster delivery, which shrinks costly inventories along the distribution pipelines. Lufthansa, for instance, recently shipped eight boxes of phone gear from Nuremberg to Manhattan for \$400 in 36 hours v. 15 days and \$720 by surface transport. Last month Minneapolis-based Honeywell decided to send all of its control equipment to Europe by air next year, expects to save \$163,000. There can also be sales dividends. When BOAC delivered ten multilith printing machines from London to Lagos within 53 hours of their sale, the Nigerian government printing office was so impressed that it immediately ordered 15 more.

**No Giraffes.** Swelling volume and efficient jets have transformed air cargo into a heady source of airline profits.

from Africa to the Naples zoo. Lufthansa has shipped everything from elephants to nuclear fuel elements, but giraffes are out: too much turbulent air aloft can cause their long and slender necks to snap.

## FRANCE

### End of the War

Buried on page 15,385 of the U.S. Federal Register last week was a brief announcement in almost incomprehensible officialese. Its well-hidden message: the U.S. Government has ended its 75-day war against all imports from France containing nickel. Washington banned the imports last October (and promptly impounded more than a dozen shipments) because France's giant Le Nickel had been buying large



AIR-FREIGHTED COBRA RACERS LOADED AT ROME  
Rising around the world.

Newer equipment and ground facilities promise further gains. Lufthansa has ordered nine Boeing short-haul 727 jets to carry passengers by day, then convert in 20 minutes to nocturnal freight ships. Last week Alitalia ordered 28 DC-9 twinjets, partly to meet its rising freight needs. BOAC has just opened a push-button freight terminal at New York's Kennedy Airport, and a 160-acre "freight city" is about to rise at London Airport.

Though air freight, for all its exuberant growth, still amounts to only 1% of the goods shipped across the Atlantic, it is rapidly becoming an attractive vehicle for all kinds of cargo. Air France has carried 44 race horses to the U.S. and back in the last five weeks. Alitalia installed a special cage inside a DC-8 to airlift a baby rhinoceros

amounts of nickel oxide from Castro's Cuba. Shipments could resume, said the U.S., if the French would guarantee that they contained no Cuban nickel.

The French government, according to the U.S. announcement, has now agreed to do just that: it has promised to refuse export licenses to the U.S. to any French company using nickel from Cuba. The U.S. will simply accept the French government guarantee, has already released all the impounded shipments. Le Nickel plans to use the Cuban metal for non-U.S. customers, will supply U.S. buyers from its main mines in New Caledonia. For that purpose, it has signed preliminary agreements with Kaiser Aluminum to form two joint companies, one in New Caledonia to step up nickel production and another in the U.S. to sell and distribute it.

## W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (1874-1965)

**Y**EARS ago, when William Somerset Maugham was a young man of 64, he turned his thoughts to a subject of considerable importance to him: a fitting end to his own story. "Having held a certain place in the world for a long time," Maugham wrote in *The Summing Up*, "I am content that others soon should occupy it. When nothing can be added without spoiling the design the artist leaves it."

But the end was too long in coming: 27 years. The design was spoiled and it sorely strained the patience of the man who was dedicated to the idea that a well-constructed narrative should draw to a swift and orderly close. At his seaside villa on Cap Ferrat, going deaf and blind, Maugham complained bitterly at the way time's slow hand was writing his last chapter. "I am sick of this way of life," he said. "I want to die." Earlier this month, he sank into a coma following a stroke. The 91-year-old heart beat six days longer in a hospital outside Nice. And then last week it stopped.

His death commenced to posture the work of one of the most productive, most popular, most successful and most versatile authors of the century. This year alone, some 2,000,000 copies of his books will be added to the 80 million already in print. *The Razor's Edge* has sold more than 5,000,000 copies since its appearance in 1944. *Of Human Bondage*, published in 1915 when Maugham was 41, has entered literature courses and has been adapted three times to film. At least two Maugham characters—Mildred Rogers in *Bondage* and Sadie Thompson in *Rain*—belong to that distinctive fictional company that the world will not forget.

### Characters in Action

Rich beyond most writers' dreams, Maugham became a kind of semipublic personage, a figure of Edwardian origin and habits, projecting an Edwardian image on modern scenes. He looked like a character from one of his own novels: heavily lined patrician features, thin lips turned down at the corners, hooded eyes. Traveling the world in search of stories, he napped after lunch wherever he happened to be—aboard a tramp ship plowing the South Seas, in a Burmese hut or an outrigger canoe. Churchill, Wells, Cocteau, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the Kings of Sweden and Siam called on him at Villa Mauresque, his Moorish retreat on the Riviera where, working never more and never less than four hours a morning, he set down most of his books.

Though he got away from common men as soon as he could and avoided them when possible, it was from common men that his invention took flight. "The great man is too often all of a piece; it is the little man that is a bundle of contradictory elements," he once said. His boast was that "I could not

spend an hour in anyone's company without getting the material to write at least a readable story about him."

For this, he was often described as a mere storyteller. Today, after Joyce and Freud, "storyteller" is somehow considered a term of denigration, and critics may reasonably question the depth of Maugham's insights. But he was able to do supremely well what storytellers are supposed to do—to dramatize character by putting that character into action, a specific action that displays in kinetic terms his or her faults and virtues.

### Measles and Rain

Maugham cites his own example. He once met a dull couple at a dull dinner. The man had been a civil servant in Asia, and the only memorable thing about him was that he was a onetime drunk, taking a bottle to bed with him every night and finishing it before morning. His wife seemed a drab mediocrity, but she had cured her husband of drink. Out of this, Maugham contrived a superb story (*Before the Party*), which begins in a prim country dwelling, turns into a confession by the fat widow that she had slashed her backsliding husband to death with a parang one hot afternoon in Borneo. After the confession, they all go to the vicar's garden party.

Well, how many wives married to drunkards have not had the same impulse? And gone on to parties? Or take the case of *Rain*. Maugham saw a prostitute hurry aboard his Tahiti-bound boat. A missionary and his wife were also aboard, and on arrival in Pago Pago, the group was thrown into quarantine because of a measles epidemic. Maugham added a tropical rain season to the measles, and made the confrontation of missionary and whore into a classic contest between righteousness and sin. What man (or clergyman) has not felt the visceral taint of the sensual in his ostensibly selfless concern for a pretty sinner's soul?

Maugham was by nature, and by his own admission, cold and withdrawn. "There are very few people who know anything about me. And even they do not know as much as they imagine." He was a watcher, not a participant.

But if he was cold, it was because he was unwarmed. At ten, he was an orphan in a strange land. His father had been solicitor to the British embassy in Paris. His mother, afflicted with chronic tuberculosis, had had children at regular intervals on doctors' advice—pregnancy was thought to be good for tuberculosis in those days—and eight years after Somerset's birth she died. His father died soon thereafter. The boy was shipped off to England to become the unwanted ward of an uncle.

Shy, afflicted with a humiliating stammer, the young Maugham recoiled in misery from the hostile new environ-

ment. At the vicarage, his uncle pumped him so full of religion that Maugham ultimately rejected God; he remained a nonbeliever all his life. At King's School in Canterbury, classmates and even the headmaster mocked his speech impediment. These unhappy transplanted years were later to appear in *Of Human Bondage*, the most intensely autobiographical of his novels. Even years later, he was unable to read it without tears.


The writer in Maugham emerged at medical school in London, where before getting his degree he waded systematically, if surreptitiously, through the classics and published his first novel, *Liza of Lambeth*, in 1897. Maugham was 23. *Liza* was only a modest success, but on the strength of it, he abandoned medicine for good.

Within eleven years he had scored his stunning triumph on the London stage. The theater gave him just what he had hoped to get from it: money and fame. Both became fixtures of his life. When critics accused him of writing for mere profit, he countered by saying: "I've found out that money was like a sixth sense without which you could not make the most of the other five."

### Sparseness and Clarity

Sudden success can overwhelm a budding talent. But to Maugham, it only brought the exhilarating privilege of doing exactly as he pleased, which was to master his craft: "The books I wrote during the first ten years were the exercises by which I sought to learn my business. Writing is a whole-time job. No professional writer can afford only to write when he feels like it." He worked stubbornly at refining and paring down his style, inflicting on himself tedious hours of discipline. The result was a style so spare, so clear of the extraneous adjective or the decorative phrase that it almost escapes notice. But no major writer has been more ruthlessly candid, or more humble, about his own abilities. Despite the pains he had taken, he once confessed: "The fact remains that the four greatest novelists the world has ever known—Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoy and Dostoevski—wrote their respective languages very badly. It proves that if you can tell stories, create characters, devise incidents, and have sincerity and passion, it doesn't matter a damn how you write."

As for his own literary rank, Maugham himself had no doubts about where he belonged—"in the very front row of the second-raters." That is not as modest a ranking as it might seem. Maugham himself put Stendhal, Voltaire and A. E. Housman there. "I think that one or two of my comedies will be remembered for a time and a few of my best short stories will find their way into anthologies," he told a visitor in 1944. "This is not much, I'll admit, but it is better than nothing."



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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Dawn Fraser, 28, Australia's ace swimmer (four world records); and Gary Ware, 24, a Queensland bookmaker; their first child, a daughter; in Sydney.

**Married.** Patrick John Wayne, 26, chip off the old Duke, currently seen in *Shenandoah*; and Margaret Ann Hunt, 23, daughter of a prominent Los Angeles asphalt-company executive; in Hollywood.

**Died.** Grady Mars, 41, Grand Klaliff (vice president) of the North Carolina Klan, who, according to his wife, had been despondent ever since he took the Fifth Amendment last October to avoid telling the House Un-American Activities Committee what he had done with \$328 missing and unaccounted for from a Klan legal-defense fund; by his own hand (.38-cal. pistol); in Granite Quarry, N.C.

**Died.** Dr. William Randolph Love-lace II, 57, pioneering space doctor and NASA's director of medicine; of exposure after the crash of his twin-engine Beechcraft in sub-zero weather near Aspen in the Colorado Rockies which also cost the lives of his wife and the pilot. A onetime Mayo Clinic surgeon, Lovelace turned to aerospace as wartime head of Army Air Forces medical research at Wright Field; he developed the first satisfactory oxygen mask for high-altitude flight, and played a role in virtually every major high-altitude development since, thus becoming NASA's inevitable choice to screen the original Project Mercury astronauts in 1958 and devise a program of in-orbit medical experiments, many of which were included in last week's Gemini 6 and 7 missions.

**Died.** General Kodendera Subavva Thimayya, 59, Indian commander since last year of the U.N. peacekeeping force on Cyprus, who gained widespread respect for his supervision of the Pan-munjom prisoner exchange after the Korean War, then rose to commander-in-chief of the Indian army, but quit in 1959 over the pro-Red policies of Defense Minister Krishna Menon, only to return following Menon's ouster and earn the Cyprus job, which he carried out so well that the U.N. Security Council had just voted to extend his stay by three months; of a heart attack; in Nicosia, Cyprus.

**Died.** Salote Tupou, 65, Queen of the Tonga (Friendly) Islands, the smiling, sturdy (6 ft., 3 in., 280 lbs.) sovereign of some 200 tiny isles in the South Pacific, who acceded to her 1,000-year-old throne in 1918 and, through a booming banana and copra export trade, brought her 70,000 Polynesian subjects such 20th century lux-

uries as free education, medicare and a four-day work week; of pneumonia; in Auckland, N.Z.

**Died.** Dr. Perrin Hamilton Long, 66, professor of preventive medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical School from 1940 to 1951 and the man credited with a major role in popularizing the use of sulfa drugs in the U.S., who in 1936 heard reports of the anti-infection properties of a sulfa-derivative German dye, carried out his own experiments on sulfanilamide, thus raising the curtain on the age of wonder drugs; of a heart attack; in Edgartown, Mass.

**Died.** Eslanda Goode Robeson, 69, wife and biographer of Baritone Paul Robeson, *Negro* (1930), a fellow traveler who joined Robeson on his trips to Communist countries in the '30s and '40s and then into self-exile in Britain in 1958, during which Paul became ill and reportedly disillusioned with Communism, though she stiffly maintained, on their return to the U.S. for good in 1963, that "he still thinks Communism is terrific and he always will"; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Tito Schipa, 75, Italian opera star, a peppery tenor who, saying that hours spent in practice are wasted ("Singing is not like athletics—you don't get any better by exercise"), nursed his voice through a 54-year career, first in romantic opera, scoring successes in the U.S. with the Chicago Civic Opera in the '20s and New York's Metropolitan Opera in the early '40s, and later in concerts, to which he turned in his 60s to pursue an only slightly less vigorous career; of diabetic cardiovascular disease; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Major General Raymond W. Bliss, 77, former (1947-51) Army Surgeon General who, as his service's top medical officer, was instrumental in unifying the armed forces medical-supply system, pushed for higher fitness standards among draftees, and generally improved combat medical facilities to the point where he was able to report a Korean War death rate among wounded of just under 2% (vs. 4.5% in World War II); of complications from emphysema; in Tucson, Arizona.

**Died.** Lord Ismay, 78, Britain's wartime chief of staff and confidante of Winston Churchill, a strapping, pug-nawed soldier who won the respect of Allied brass at conferences from Casablanca to Yalta as Churchill's tough but tactful "man with the oilcan" by putting machinery in motion to implement the statesman's broad decisions and showing a sure diplomatic hand which he later used in 1952-57 as NATO's first secretary-general; of congestive heart failure; in Broadway, England.



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ANDERSEN STATUE IN COPENHAGEN  
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## Once Upon a Time

THE WILD SWAN by Monica Stirling.  
383 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World.  
\$6.95

In the Danish town of Odense, all the signposts carry an extra arm. It points the way to *Andersen's Hus*, where in 1805 an ugly duckling named Hans Christian Andersen was born. The world today needs no introduction to this cobbler's son whose fairy stories, published in dozens of tongues, will last as long as there are children to hear them. Andersen did not write them for children, or for money or fame, although the stories brought him both. He wrote them for himself, and Novelist Monica Stirling's tender biography tells why.

**Gangly Youth.** The young Andersen saw life as a fairy story more magical than any he wrote. Beneath the Odense River, he knew, lay China, a fantasy kingdom that surfaces in Andersen's *The Nightingale*. His father let him dream. "No matter what the boy wants to be," he told his wife, "if it is the silliest thing in the world, let him have his own way." At 14, and gangly as a stork, Hans Christian stowed his toy theater, a loaf of bread and 13 *rigsdaler* into his knapsack and went to Copenhagen.

Copenhagen was a magic town. It was said that the King, after the gates were locked at night, slept with the keys under his pillow. And Hans Christian was sure that if one knocked on the castle door, his majesty would open it himself, in slippers and crown and any old robe.

He was sure, too, that people would be good to him, and so, of course, they were. Giuseppe Siboni, director of the Royal Singing Academy in Copenhagen, took him in off the street to sing at a dinner party, and gave him lessons till his voice broke. The Danish Royal Theater offered him employment as a troll.

The King himself, who had read some of his poetry, sent him on a two-year tour of the Continent and granted him 400 *rigsdaler* a year.

No one ever begged him to grow up, and he never did. He traveled with a child's restless, wide-eyed curiosity. "Oh what a noble achievement!" he said, riding his first train. "We fly like the clouds in a storm." He met Dickens, Hugo, Dumas, Lamartine, Kierkegaard, Ibsen. "He looks like a large child, a sort of half-angel," said the Irish poet William Allingham. He loved as a child loves: marriage and children were grown-up affairs and not for him. His fears were those of a child: of falling ill, taking the wrong medicine, putting letters in the wrong envelopes, missing trains.

**Last Tales.** All the marvelous stories—*The Ugly Duckling*, *The Ice Maiden*, *Thumbelina*, *The Emperor's New Clothes*—burst out like dreams, unbidden, from a talent that did not appreciate itself. Even while reciting his tales on demand to charmed royal circles all over Europe, Andersen waited hopefully for the time when his novels, not very good, and his poetry and plays, only a little better, would get the same acclaim.

But that was not to be. And the time came when the last fairy story had been written. "How beautiful life is," said Andersen, dying at 70, his mind still dreaming. "It is as if I were sailing to a land far, far away, where there is no pain, no sorrow."

## Unprogressive Pilgrim

IN MY TIME by Robert Strausz-Hupé.  
284 pages. Norton, \$5.

Good autobiographers should have happy childhoods, when the nightingales were singing in the orchards of their mothers. Robert Strausz-Hupé is such a one. His childhood was a hazy idyl of life in old Vienna, of goose-liver breakfasts on the paternal estate in Hungary. This Eden soon closed its gates, but at 62 he still has a vivid memory of what life was like on the sunny side of the great watershed of World War I.

Strausz-Hupé is now director of the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute. More scholar than ideologue, he utters no manifestos but offers in comment and anecdote a system of conservative attitudes to shore against the century's ruins.

These attitudes can be disconcerting. For example, he sees the success of the Western parliamentary system as dependent upon the existence of a responsible elite rather like a composite English gentleman—to whom he addresses a prose poem of admiration. He deplores oral contraceptives as "stealthy pills which encroach on human dignity and destroy the few good and beautiful things that have not yet vanished in the rummage sale of ancient cultures." He classifies the "passion for ugliness and disfigurement" in modern art as a "dan-

ger far greater than depopulation by war." Liberals would call him a reactionary. Yet his views might more accurately be called the politics of nostalgia.

**Undarned Suits.** His memoir suggests that he came by his views the hard way—by a tough and unsentimental study of himself. Here is his account of himself at 20: "I moved from one fitful job to another, improvisations without issue; dreamed my sumptuous dreams of canopied barges on the Nile and throbbing Bentleys in Biarritz; woke with strangers in dank attics; nursed the one undarned, too tightly fitting suit—and plotted my escape. Try as I may, I cannot bring into focus the young man of 20. If we were to meet today, we would have little to say to each other. [There would be] his ruthless naïveté, his clammy embarrassments, his lyrical sensitivity in the throes of his own emotions, his stoic indifference toward the feelings of others."

Strausz-Hupé came to the U.S. as a tutor-guardian to a no-good Salzburg aristocrat who was older than himself, worked in the art department of Marshall Field's in Chicago (landscapes and jolly monks), as a runner in Wall Street (with social weekends on Long Island), finally as a customer's man and—after a return to Europe—as an investment banker. This could have been a simple immigrant's success story. But Strausz-Hupé, however frivolous his youth, had retained the *gravitas* of a European education. He met Historian Oswald Spengler only once, while dressed as Marc Antony at a Munich carnival, but he had read that master pessimist well.

**Weighty Man.** He thus became, in the '30s, a war hawk against the rising threat of Hitlerism, as later he was to be unpopular as a premature anti-Communist—he is still firmly opposed to

FREDERICK A. WEAVER



STRAUSZ-HUPÉ  
The secret lies in the ruins.

negotiation with Russia except from a position of towering U.S. strength, and suspicious even of quiescent coexistence. But Strauss-Hupé has been considered wise and knowledgeable enough to have been consulted on many weighty affairs, including the writing of West Germany's constitution. He urged Navy Secretary Forrestal to make a show of American power in China in 1946, and argues that such a move might have averted the staggering U.S. defeat that the emergence of Red China represented. More recently, he gave advice to Barry Goldwater.

As for his own story, he says enigmatically: "I have learned a great deal from living, yet virtually nothing from my life." The secret, no doubt, lies somewhere in the ruins of old Austria-Hungary—but that was in a foreign country, and besides, the youth is dead. A sad émigré survives, whose melancholy wisdom it is to say: "It is safer to dream of the past than of the future."

### The Bad Old Days

MY LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS AND ON THE PLAINS by David Meriwether 301 pages. University of Oklahoma. \$5.95.

David Meriwether is solidly fixed in the history of the Old West as a vigorous and colorful Governor of the New Mexico Territory. But until the appearance of this autobiography, now published for the first time some 72 years after Meriwether's death, few will have known anything about his early life as a frontiersman and Indian trader. Dictated by Meriwether to a granddaughter in 1886, when he was 85, the manuscript was hidden away as a family heirloom until a great-granddaughter made it available for publication.

**Punishment at the Post.** Part of the narrative's charm is that the old man did not consciously set out to recount history, but only to leave his descendants a straightforward personal account of all he saw and did. And that was considerable. One of Meriwether's earliest memories, for example, is of the massacre at Pigeon Roost, Kentucky, when Indian followers of Tecumseh slaughtered 24 white settlers. He was only eleven, but his father sent him off on horseback to warn the Kentucky countryside that the Indians were on the rampage. At 14, he rode 100 miles in 48 hours carrying military dispatches. He trekked to the Upper Missouri in 1819, saw Santa Fe as a prisoner of the Spaniards in 1820, spent a bitter winter on the Great Plains, became an Indian trader at Fort Osage.

Meriwether continually indicates that life on the early frontier was a grim business. Consider the punishment meted out to four deserters from an army post. They were tied up, stripped to the waist and every day for four days were given 25 lashes apiece. Then the regimental surgeon sliced off their ears. One of the victims, wiping away



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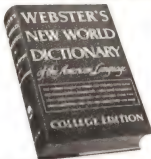
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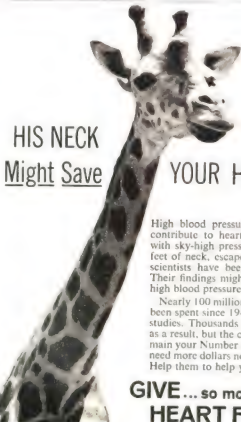
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**Face the problem, face to face**  **Talk, plan, act**

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**"and then I said;  
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**Job Retraining** is a problem to be solved. Automation actually creates more jobs than it destroys, but new skills displace old. This Advertising Council campaign encourages retraining. It's getting results. That's got to be a better solution than unemployment, any way you look at it.

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# & solutions

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On these pages are the familiar symbols of the 18 advertising campaigns now being handled by The Advertising Council, and advertisements from just two of the campaigns: Job Retraining and Racial Relations.

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the blood that streamed down his neck, quipped: "This is a hell of a way, Colonel, to celebrate the Fourth of July." The colonel clapped him into a ball and chain. That night the soldier jumped into the river and drowned.

**Survival on the Frontier.** As Meriwether makes plain, it took a tough and stubborn man even to survive on the frontier. Mostly because he was big and brawny, and adept with both his fists and a gun, he managed quite well. But even after he became territorial Governor of New Mexico, he had to sleep with a shotgun by his side because some rowdy opponents threatened to tar and feather him. He had contempt for anyone who walked away from a fight. That included famed Kit Carson, who served under him as an Indian agent. Carson prudently ran away and hid when a gathering of Ute and Apache Indians became threatening. Meriwether suspended him forthwith. After Carson sent an abject letter of apology, Meriwether grudgingly reinstated him, but as long as the semiliterate Carson remained in his service Meriwether issued reprimands about his sloppy administration. "Poor Kit," he said, "was a good trapper, hunter, and guide, and . . . had acquired a reputation which spoiled him, and which in after life and in a higher position he failed to sustain."

## The Passing Strange

QUESTIONS OF TRAVEL by Elizabeth Bishop. 95 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$3.95.

"And some there are who wander the world looking for what is like unto themselves," old André Gide once mused. "But there are others, and I am one of these, who seek above all strangeness in things." Poet Elizabeth Bishop is another one of these. For more than 30 years, she has wandered the five continents in search of the intractable, in search of a beauty unbefriending and the poetry of the passing strange. Travel is her profession, and her art is the art of snapshot. Her poems are bright slides that commemorate in glowing color and big-pored detail the places she went, the things she saw, the tiny epiphanies of passage. They are very few and very fine. In *Poems: North and South—A Cold Spring* (1954), her volume of collected verse, there are only 48 poems, but they include some of the finest descriptive poetry produced since World War II.

In *Questions of Travel* there are only 20 poems, but six of them are egregiously good. One is a 30-page prose poem that contains this spectacular child's-eye view of a horse being shod: "He is enormous. His rump is a brown, glossy world. His ears are secret entrances to the underworld. One of his legs is doubled up behind him in an improbable affectedly polite way. Clear bright-green bits of stiffened froth, like glass, are stuck around his mouth . . . and the



POET BISHOP  
In search of the intractable.

cloud of his odor is a chariot in itself."

Most of the best poems in the book describe Brazil, where Poet Bishop has kept a pied à terre since 1952, and describe it in images that blazon the retina long after the book is closed. In "The Armadillo," for instance, she pictures the "frail, illegal fire balloons" that during Holy Week float up from Brazilian villages into the starry darkness, where they "flare and falter, wobble and toss" like fiery little moons in a mist.

... the paper chambers fluff and fill  
with light  
that comes and goes, like hearts . . .

Last night another big one fell.  
It splattered like an egg of fire  
against the cliff behind the house.  
The flame ran down. We saw the pair  
of owls who nest there flying up  
and up, their whirling black-and-white  
stained bright pink underneath, until  
they shrieked up out of sight.

## Argument of Mercy

THE BEGGAR by F. M. Esfandiary. 141 pages. Ivan Obolensky, Inc. \$3.95.

For a man brought up in a diplomat's family, Ferreidoun Esfandiary is shockingly undiplomatic. His first novel (*Day of Sacrifice*) made such a telling critique of social and political conditions in modern Iran that in recent years the author has "found it inadvisable to live in Iran." His second book is a ferocious satire that attacks a fundamental assumption of civilization: the concept of justice. Composed in remarkably stylish English, *The Beggar* presents in an appalling parable the ancient argument of mercy: that one man's guilt is shared by all men inextricably, that punishment is itself a crime. The parable:

Not many years ago, in an Arab village, a baby was born with weak legs. Little Ali might well have learned to stand on his own feet, but after he had fallen down a few times his mother's

heart ached for the poor child and she decided that he was a permanent invalid and had to be carried everywhere. Everybody suspected that the boy was not necessarily a cripple, but it was not unpleasant to have somebody dependent around, an easy butt for the sort of generosity that makes one person feel big because it makes another person seem small. So all through Ali's childhood the good people of the village carried the little cripple everywhere he went and felt invincibly virtuous on this account.

**Man's Estate.** When the child became a man, he was fit to be nothing but a beggar. So Ali, with the help of his neighbors, made a little platform on wheels, rolled himself down to the marketplace, and sat there miserably day after day, holding a tin cup. The villagers both pitied and feared this monstrosity of their own making, and continued to maintain his misery as a sort of public convenience.

The beggar nevertheless made one pathetic attempt to live like a man. He undertook, in so far as he could, to support a poor widow and her daughter, and in return for his kindness was occasionally permitted to share the widow's bed. Unhappily, others were sometimes permitted the same pleasure. One night when two young villagers pushed his platform up the long steep hill to the widow's isolated hut, the beggar found Ahmad the woodcutter there.

In rage and humiliation, Ali hid in a shed situated some 30 feet downhill from the hut, and there fell asleep. Wakened by the smell of smoke, he realized in horror that the widow's house was on fire, and made violent attempts to drag himself up the steep slope to save her. But his body, weakened by a lifetime of socially induced inactivity, was so feeble that it took him half an hour to cover less than 30 feet. When the villagers came running up the hill, they found Ahmad and the widow dead in bed and the beggar lying in the mud a few feet from the hut.

**Man's Fate.** Outraged, the villagers haled the cripple into court and told the judge that Ahmad and the widow were dead because the beggar, in a jealous fury, had refused to rescue them. The beggar tried to explain. "Do you take me for a fool?" the judge bellowed indignantly. "All your life we've been kind enough to carry you everywhere, and now do you mean to tell me that you couldn't go the short distance between the shed and her hut?" Somebody screamed, "Cut off his hands!" The villagers roared in approval. "What will I do?" the beggar wailed. "I have no legs, and now you want to take away my hands!" But the next morning they cut off the beggar's hands, and when the stumps had stopped bleeding three policemen carried him out of the prison and set him down in the street. "Ali, you may go home," one of the policemen announced gravely. "You are a free man now."



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